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The mass-market mind has taken over hardcover books. (Page 399)

EDITORIAL

SWINGING GATES

Wouldn't it be nice if President Bush nominated as C.I.A. chief someone who would limit covert actions, release information about the intelligence budget, preserve the ban on political assassinations, resign rather than mislead Congress, allow historians access to C.I.A. files, shake up the bloated intelligence bureaucracy? Someone who realized that the agency had missed the boat entirely on the Soviet Union, who pledged to keep a very close watch on the operators of the clandestine service, who said he would bring "openness" to the agency?

Robert Gates claims he is just such a person. During his appearance before the Senate, Gates displayed a confirmation conversion that would put Clarence Thomas to shame. With his hands clasped as in prayer, he confessed that he and the rest of the intelligence community had been wrong on the Soviet Union; that he had failed to pursue suggestions of wrongdoing in the Iran/*contra* scandal; that he had erred by delivering hardline, policy-oriented speeches (such as the one that promoted Star Wars).

He also made fine promises to reform, and most senators bought them. But what qualifies this guy? He is a famed Soviet expert who did not display prescience about the upheavals there. His supposedly sharp mind has forgotten many details regarding his role in Iran/*contra*. He is trying to come across as the Gorbachev of the C.I.A., who will de-ice the cold war agency. That job, or conceivably dismantling the agency itself, needs doing, but it can't be entrusted to an old-style op with a new cover story.

NORIEGA & CASTRO
JOHN DINGES

C.I.A. & THE COCAINE COUP
DAVID CORN

GAYS & THE FAMILY
NAN D. HUNTER

WHO BELIEVES BOB WOODWARD?
ROBERT SHERRILL

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EXCHANGE.

HIGH-TECH SLIMEPIT

Amherst, Mass.

There was a time when Alexander Cockburn graced *The Nation* with hard-hitting, well-researched critiques of the mainstream press. Lately, however, he has often substituted self-indulgent trivia for hard-nosed research and has taken to criticizing those of his colleagues in the progressive press who do not share his idiosyncratic views. And while thoughtful criticism is to be welcomed when conducted on an intelligent, objective basis, it is wholly inappropriate when accompanied by invective and distortions.

Take the critique by Cockburn ["Beat the Devil," July 8] of my *Nation* article on the weapons used by the United States to subdue Iraq, "High-Death Weapons of the Gulf War" [June 3]. Cockburn charges that I cite "at luxuriant length claims made by arms manufacturers and the Pentagon" for the weapons used in Operation Desert Storm—a claim for which he provides not a shred of evidence (not surprising, given the fact that it is untrue). He also suggests that I overstate the effectiveness of certain weapons, but his one extended example (other than the Patriot, which I never mentioned) is the BLU-82/B "Daisy Cutter," which he incorrectly describes as "a giant bomb filled with conventional high explosives." (It is actually filled with an aqueous mixture of ammonium nitrate, aluminum powder and polystyrene soap as a binder, as I wrote in my article.)

Too lazy or too uninformed to conduct an intelligent discourse on the vital issues at hand, Cockburn stoops to personal innuendo: I go "weak at the knees" at the sight of high-tech weaponry and am "mesmerized" by Pentagon handouts—thereby serving the arms contractors' budgetary purposes. But even a casual reading of my article will show that what animated me was not awe at the performance of high-tech arms but indignation at the use of potent and experimental weapons to kill and maim large numbers of helpless Iraqis. Lacking any scruples of his own, Cockburn evidently cannot appreciate the moral outrage of others who witnessed the wanton brutality of U.S. air operations during Desert Storm.

But that is not the worst. In his pathetic efforts to distort my intentions, Cockburn descends into the slimepit of apologia for George Bush and his murderous henchmen. Only 4,500 civilians died in the gulf conflict, he notes (as if that's too small a number to be troubled by), and General Schwarzkopf's estimate of 100,000 dead soldiers "could be a considerable overestimate" (as if the slaughter wasn't all that bad after all). This dreck arrived on my desk the day *The New York Times* reported in a front-page story that the destruction of Iraq's electricity system by high-tech U.S. bombs and missiles during the opening salvos of Desert Storm has crippled Iraqi water and sewage systems, producing "epidemic levels" of typhoid, hepatitis, meningitis and gastroenteritis, with poor families (and children generally) experiencing the worst of the suffering. No one knows how many hundreds or thousands of children have died as a result of this villainy, but it is certain to push the final civilian death toll well over 4,500. And the Pentagon has now confirmed its estimate of 100,000 Iraqi troop lethalities, with 300,000 wounded—plenty enough, in my mind, to constitute a major atrocity. If Iraqi soldiers did not come out and fight, as suggested by Cockburn, it was mainly to save themselves from the genocidal hail of bombs and missiles fired against them by the United States—such intimidation was, in fact, the intended aim of U.S. strategy, as I explained in my article and as Cockburn doesn't seem to have understood.

Cockburn may still have some useful things to say once in a while, but a lot of what we've seen lately is drivel. *The Nation* deserves better!

Michael T. Klare

LOW-TECH SLAUGHTER

Cambridge, Mass.

Alexander Cockburn criticizes our article in the May issue of *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, " . . . and the dirty little weapons," regarding the gulf war and its aftermath. He accuses us, along with Alvin and Heidi Toffler and Michael Klare in related articles, of promoting too much "faith in the machine," having a "morbid excitement for cluster bombs and fuel-air explosives" and in general overplaying military "high-tech" warfare.

Speaking only for ourselves, we must respond that the purpose of our article, as well as a large *Boston Globe* Op-Ed piece (April 16), was not to glorify the wonders of the modern battlefield but rather to debunk what we have called "the surgical myth of the Gulf War." We in fact specifically criticized those who would have us believe that the gulf war was clean, precise and carried out with such infallible accuracy that only soldiers were victims. We cited, for example, a *Wall Street Journal* editorial that claimed that "advanced weapons spare civilians" and a *Washington Post* story that quoted U.S. officials suggesting Iraq could be faking destruction in a play for international sympathy.

We sought to emphasize that the gulf war was more a low-tech, widespread, air bombardment campaign that seldom distinguished between military and civilian targets. In fact, 93 percent of the bombs dropped by U.S. forces were not precision guided. As we stated in our article: "The full extent of war damage in Iraq and Kuwait will not be known for some time, if ever. But much of what we know now challenges the assumption that the war was an antiseptic Nintendo game, an impersonal conflict with little 'collateral' damage, or a contest dominated by selective, precision-guided munitions which discriminated between human beings in and out of military uniform."

We continue to dig for the facts, and would urge others to do likewise, concerning postwar damage assessment and weapons performance. Neither the Defense Department nor weapons manufacturers have been particularly forthcoming in providing useful information. As one Defense Department spokesperson stated to us, "body counts" are not in the interest of U.S. foreign policy; "we already had enough of that in Vietnam." Congress also appears loath to pose the tough questions; of more than 100 requests we have made to Congressional offices, only three responses have been received.

We hope that Cockburn and *Nation* readers would agree with the conclusion of our article that "the human face of this war, to use John Keegan's term from *The Face of Battle*, must be better revealed before it can be properly understood and appropriate lessons drawn for history. This was not a surgical war; it was a slaughter. History may judge high technology the winner, but human beings were certainly the victims."

Paul Walker
Eric Stambler

COCKBURN REPLIES

Petrolia, Calif.

The world turns. This month the excitement is not about high-tech but about paleo-tech machinery, burying Iraqis in their trenches. Back in early June, Michael Klare published an article here whose main assertion in paragraph two on *The Nation*'s front page was that "what made the gulf war so distinctive, however, was the widespread (and often experimental) use of a new breed of munitions designed to duplicate the destructive effects of tactical nuclear weapons." Among the members of this "new breed" he particularly cited fuel-air explosives, penetration bombs and wide-area cluster bombs.

In their article in *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, Walker and Stambler, while not making the nuclear parallel, similarly laid great emphasis on the part played in mass extermination of Iraqi soldiers by cluster bombs, fuel-air explosives and "Daisy Cutters."

In my column, which was only partly concerned with the claims made by Klare, and to an even lesser degree with those of Walker and Stambler, I examined the performance of what had been touted as the great triumphs of high-tech weaponry—notably the Patriot and Maverick—and suggested that these were absurdly inflated.

As part of this exercise—scrutinizing the claims of the Pentagon, the arms manufacturers and their publicists—I reviewed Klare's arguments about conventional weaponry deployed in the gulf war being designed to duplicate the effect of tactical nuclear weaponry. He didn't come anywhere near to proving his case. The technology wasn't new and the lan-

(*Continued on Page 423*)

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CONTENTS.

Volume 253, Number 11

EXCHANGE

394 *Michael T. Klare, Paul Walker, Eric Stambler, Alexander Cockburn*

EDITORIALS

393 Swinging Gates

395 Budgetlock

396 Manuel & Fidel *John Dinges*

COLUMNS

397 The Supremes *Calvin Trillin*

398 Minority Report *Christopher Hitchens*

ARTICLES

399 Culture Watch: The Paperbacking of Publishing *Ted Solotaroff*

404 Tales of a Money Launderer: The C.I.A. and the Cocaine Coup *David Corn*

406 The Sharon Kowalski Case: Sexual Dissent and the Family *Nan D. Hunter*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

412 Colodny and Gettlin: Silent Coup: The Removal of a President *Robert Sherrill*

416 Lee: Rose The City in Which I Love You *Jessica Greenbaum*

418 How-To: A Love Story *Richard Lingeman*

420 Art *Arthur C. Danto*

422 Blind Cats (poem) *Joshua Weiner*

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EDITORIALS.

Budgetlock

Since George Bush took office, the economy has grown by 0.7 percent. That's not an average annual, or even quarterly, rate; that's it. It works out to an average annual growth rate of 0.3 percent, by far the worst record of any postwar President. Jimmy Carter's presidency, a period the conventional political mind regards as an economic fiasco, was ten times snappier.

To match Carter's record, G.N.P. would have to grow at more than 6 percent for the rest of Bush's term, a very unlikely thing. Matching Eisenhower's record would require sustained growth of 4 percent, which is only somewhat less unlikely. Whether or not you agree that growth is the ultimate aim of economic organization, the virtues of a constantly swelling G.N.P. is an axiom of mainstream politics, and when deprived of it our fiscal and financial systems wheeze badly. And so by the standards of his own kind, Bush's presidency is an economic disaster.

There are many reasons for the triumph of torpor. In the private sector, these include low levels of productive investment, falling real wages, the weight of more than $9 trillion in debt and an imploding financial system. But instead of compensating for these deficiencies, Washington is doing all it can to make them worse. Public investment is nearly invisible to the naked eye, a regressive tax system makes the maldistribution of pretax income even more lopsided and federal finances have been steadily debauched.

As the Austrian economist Joseph Schumpeter once said,

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"Public finances are one of the best starting points for an investigation of society, especially though not exclusively of its political life." Following this advice produces a very unflattering picture of this society. To the longstanding precedence enjoyed by weapons manufacturers, the Reagan-Bush years have added a new class of privileged claimants: financiers, in the form of coupon clippers and busted bankers. As Comptroller General Charles Bowsher told Congress in July, "It is quite likely that by the middle of the decade the federal government will have committed over $400 billion to meet deposit insurance responsibilities." "Deposit insurance" is the polite term for the savings and loan bailout—and the inevitable bank bailout that is virtually upon us. Bowsher continued, "Even without further increases in the deficit . . . interest on the [federal] debt will exceed defense spending in 1992 and will reach $377 billion by 1996."

Not even the low and mean gang that runs Washington can ignore figures like those. But rendered immobile by the difficult politics of serious budgeting, they've chosen to rely on an automatic pilot. The first cowardly and stupid mechanism they tried was the infamous Gramm-Rudman-Hollings (G-R-H) monstrosity, which, when enacted in the headier atmosphere of 1985, promised a disappearing deficit somewhere in the mythical territory known in D.C. as "the out-years."

Well, the out-years never arrived, and so as part of last year's bizarre and undemocratic budget negotiations, G-R-H was reborn as a less widely known monstrosity, the Budget Enforcement Act. Rather than require a declining overall deficit, the B.E.A. divided the budget into two parts, mandatory and discretionary. Mandatory programs include Social Security, "deposit insurance" and debt service. Discretionary programs include just about everything else, from education and housing assistance to B-2 bombers.

Mandatory programs were given a blank check, but all discretion was removed from the discretionary programs until well after the 1992 presidential elections, as strict limits were imposed on each class of expenditure. To take one example, money can't be shifted from the Pentagon to the civilian economy, even though our favorite enemy has disintegrated. Or to take another, more timely, example, no antirecession spending initiatives can be undertaken without the declaration of a "budget emergency." Bush used the B.E.A. limits to quash an attempted extension of unemployment benefits, even though the percentage of jobless workers receiving any kind of unemployment benefits is the lowest it's been in any recession on record. Unemployment benefits were once known as "automatic stabilizers," since they helped counteract the deflationary effects of mass job loss; now we're flying unstabilized.

As Stanley Collender, a budget analyst with the accounting firm Price Waterhouse, recently told *Business Week*, the point of B.E.A. "was to make it impossible to do anything new." So with hardly an imitation of public debate, the depraved fiscal priorities of Bush, budget director Richard Darman and House Democratic power broker Dan Rostenkowski were locked in. (Although Darman is usually thought of as the lead author of the budget deal, a Congressional staffer who's studied the thing says it has Rosty's handprints all over it.) Orthodoxy these days is strictly bipartisan.

And so our bridges will continue to rot, our economy to stagnate, the homeless to wander the sidewalks, our schools to fail—all because the B.E.A. says so. By Schumpeter's measure, that makes our society one that is paralyzed in the face of its own decay.

Manuel & Fidel

One of the more spectacular components of the government's case against Gen. Manuel Noriega is the charge that Noriega enlisted the help of Cuban President Fidel Castro to settle a dispute with the Medellín drug cartel. Noriega's "Castro connection"—backed up by pictures of the two dictators at a 1984 meeting in Havana—was seen as greatly strengthening the prosecution's case before a jury picked in virulently anti-Castro Miami. Since the indictment was written, however, there have been questions about the credibility of the single witness whose testimony prosecutors relied on. And new evidence—a handwritten letter to Noriega discovered in a Noriega family safe after the invasion—outlines a scenario in which Castro has no role whatsoever.

In May 1984 Panamanian troops and U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration agents raided and destroyed a cocaine laboratory belonging to the Medellín cartel in Panama's Darién Province just as it was about to go into production. Noriega claims the raid is excellent proof that he and his antinarcotics unit were effective drug warriors and allies of the D.E.A.

The prosecution tells a much different story, charging that the cartel paid Noriega $4 million to protect its operations in Panama. The laboratory was raided "in retaliation for the cartel's failure to make adequate payments to Noriega," according to court documents.

Castro was brought into the story by José Blandón, a former aide to Noriega, who testified to a grand jury against Noriega just a few days before the February 1989 indictment. Blandón says he and Noriega met separately with Castro in Havana in late June 1984 and that Castro arranged a settlement: Noriega would return the prisoners and cocaine captured in the Darién raid and give back the cartel's protection money. Blandón portrays Castro as knowledgeable about the illegal laboratory and in touch with representatives of the cartel.

But is the story true? Castro denies the meeting had anything to do with a dispute over drugs. The defense says it will show that the meeting involved foreign policy matters and was one of many that Noriega had with Castro; at some of them, the defense says, Noriega was acting as an intermediary between Castro and the Reagan Administration.

Blandón is currently under investigation by the F.B.I. for allegedly copying and distributing tapes of wiretapped conversations between Noriega and his lawyer and others. He recently returned to Panama, and sources close to the prosecution say his usefulness as a witness has been seriously compromised. His story about the Havana meeting has several inconsistencies: The prisoners he claims were released as a result of the settlement had actually been freed by Panama six weeks before Noriega's meeting with Castro. And contrary

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to Blandón's account, D.E.A. sources say no cocaine was found in the laboratory raid.

Now we come to the secret letter. Its author, convicted marijuana smuggler Steven Kalish, also claims to have mediated a settlement of the Noriega-cartel dispute—only his negotiations had nothing to do with Fidel Castro. Kalish has testified that he paid Noriega $300,000 in bribes for permission to use Panama as his base of operations for money laundering and for planning smuggling operations. His sixteen-page letter to Noriega was written from a U.S. jail after his arrest in 1984 but before he began cooperating with authorities in 1986. Here is Kalish's story:

A representative of cartel boss Jorge Ochoa contacted Kalish after the raid, which the cartel considered a double-cross. He said the cartel had paid about $5 million in protection money to a Panamanian, Col. Julián Melo, on the understanding that they were paying off Noriega himself. The cartel wanted Kalish to use his connection with Noriega to help get its money back. The cartel representative threatened to reveal tape recordings, photographs and other documents showing that prominent Panamanian politicians had received money from the cartel.

Kalish communicated all this to Noriega, who disavowed Colonel Melo and ordered him arrested. Noriega's intelligence chief returned $900,000 as partial reimbursement to the cartel. Two cartel representatives who were dealing with Kalish were also briefly detained and then released as part of the deal.

Kalish thanked Noriega in the letter for his action: "Your decision literally saved my life. I have no doubt as to what Jorge Ochoa would have done," he wrote.

Kalish then met with Ochoa in Aruba, the letter says. There they worked out new ground rules for cartel operations in Panama. Kalish outlined a five-point agreement in his letter: The cartel would drop its threat to expose Panamanians. The cartel would "correct the wrong information they had received about you [Noriega] ever having complicity in this affair." And Panama would become a "neutral country"—that is, no cocaine manufacturing and shipments would occur there, so that Panama's international banks would continue to be safe havens for cartel money.

Kalish expanded on that point: "Of course, in return for these concessions, the consortium desired to continue their banking operations in Panama. It was the banking institutions of Panama that convinced them of the folly of using Panama as a drug manufacturing or distribution center. I stressed the importance of maintaining the last confidential banking center of the world. It was this argument that finally forced them to agree to these conditions. Although I realize I do not have such authority, I assured them that all banking transactions would remain as is, which I believe to be true."

Kalish's story cuts both ways for the prosecution: It contradicts Blandón's story that Castro acted as mediator, and it asserts that Noriega himself was not the recipient of the multimillion-dollar bribe to protect the cartel laboratory. On the other hand, Kalish clearly portrays Noriega as negotiating with the cartel and returning its money—whether it originally gave it to the dictator or not. While the letter backs up Noriega's picture of himself as a drug enforcer raiding a cocaine laboratory, it also portrays him as a business partner with a drug smuggler, Kalish, and as a protector of money laundering in Panamanian banks.

In the end, the irony is that evidence such as the Kalish letter could be used to exonerate Fidel Castro—who is not on trial except perhaps in the minds of Miami Cubans—while strengthening the case against Noriega. JOHN DINGES

John Dinges, managing editor of National Public Radio, has recently updated his Our Man in Panama: The Shrewd Rise and Brutal Fall of Manuel Noriega *(Times Books).*

AMNESTY FOR GAYS

Last year *The Nation* published Darrell Yates Rist's article, "Global Gay Bashing" (April 9, 1990), which, *inter alia*, criticized Amnesty International and other human rights groups for not speaking out in behalf of gays and lesbians imprisoned for engaging in consensual sexual acts. Recently, in Yokohama, Japan, the International Council Meeting, governing body of Amnesty International, adopted a resolution recognizing as "prisoners of conscience" lesbians and gay men jailed for their identity or conduct. We congratulate Amnesty on its action, which is long overdue. As Rist wrote in our pages, "it boggles the mind to conceive a right more fundamental to our humanness than the choice of whom we will love."

Amnesty's new directive frees it, we presume, to denounce the arrest of anyone (gay or straight) in this country under state sodomy statutes, perversely upheld by the Supreme Court in 1986.

★

THE SUPREMES

Well, first they found a woman who's really not so sure
Abortion's for a woman to decide.
And then they got a black man who thinks that special help
For black folks should be canceled countrywide.
They're looking for a Jewish judge who really sees the point
Of keeping Jews away from one's resort.
And then a smart Latino who'd like the border closed.
At last we'll have a truly balanced court.

Calvin Trillin

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

The wretchedly written proclamation of the anti-constitutional would-be junta in Moscow was useful, if only accidentally, in one minor respect. It settled forever the question of whether it is idiomatically correct to refer to the Soviet old guard as "right wing." This accomplishment derived not so much from the document's conscious exclusion of any rhetoric about proletarian internationalism. Even if it had been decked out with a few lines from Zhdanov or Suslov, it still would have read as if composed during a liver crisis by Paul Johnson, or J. Edgar Hoover, or the Duke of Wellington contemplating the vileness of the many-headed. We were spared nothing from the classic litany of reaction—about pornography, respect for the old, crime in the streets and the rest of it. There was also some classically Thatcherite stuff about national pride, including the authentic cry of Blimpish agony contained in the following:

> Whereas only yesterday a Soviet person finding himself abroad felt himself a worthy citizen of an influential and respected state, now he is often a second-rate foreigner, the attitude to whom is marked by either contempt or sympathy.

Noticing precisely this piece of drivel, Alexander Cockburn felt compelled by who knows what impulse, in *The Nation* of September 9, to add the words "True, too."

Oh Alexander, *really*. If you hadn't gone on, in your next column, to say that "Like any other 50-year-old I felt sad" about the implosion of the Soviet Union, I'd say Grow up. Respect for your years, however, impels me to ask the following. In the junta sentence above, what exactly is "true"? For one thing, before *perestroika*, Soviet citizens weren't allowed to "find themselves abroad." They were either forbidden to leave, or compelled to do so, or permitted to do so only in a fashion that indeed exposed them to contempt (I'm not sure about the sympathy).

What possible reason can there be for nostalgia at the closure of this abysmal system? On September 16, Alexander cited the defeat of Hitler, the anticolonial posture that "gave support to any country trying to follow an independent line," the support for desegregation in the United States and the International Brigades in Spain. To take these in order, then: I can certainly still summon the thrill I felt when reading *An Opposing Man*, the memoirs of the Austrian Communist Ernst Fischer, who moved to Moscow after the *Anschluss*. He described how Nazi leaflets, dropped over Stalingrad and calling for surrender, were turned into ash at 10,000 feet. Unforgettable. But he also described the reaction in Moscow when Hitler invaded France during the lifetime of the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. A comrade rushed into his room and said, "We've taken Paris!" (Since fathers tend to get called up a lot in these exchanges, I might mention that when my own father was helping enforce the British naval blockade of the Third Reich in 1940, Moscow Radio denounced the effort as an inhuman attack on civilians.)

Anybody who wants to know has found out by now what kinds of "independent line" the Soviet Union followed in the Third World, with no serious support for Allende or Mugabe and megatons of heavy weaponry and "police advice" for Mengistu, the Argentine junta and Saddam Hussein. Anyone who knows the real history also knows that the Communist Party in this country opposed the battle to desegregate the armed forces in World War II and at the same time supported the first Smith Act prosecution of Marxist dissidents. (It admittedly didn't go as far as the French C.P., which more than ten years ago put forward the anti-immigrant demagogy now adopted by Jean-Marie Le Pen.) As for Spain, even the official Spanish Communist "theoretician" Manuel Azcarate long ago conceded that the Soviet-organized element in the Civil War helped frame and massacre the left, liquidate the International Brigades and ultimately surrender the republic altogether.

By any knowable definition, which must include the socialist one, the Soviet system was the perfect failure. In the lives of its own citizens and subjects, and in its contact with any real movement outside its own borders, it killed everything it touched. This was not discovered by Solzhenitsyn or the Parisian "new philosophers" but was known to experienced writers like Victor Serge more than fifty years ago. Serge would have also known what to say about the creepy complacency with which the lumpen academics and intellectuals of "the West" have greeted the recent heartening and clarifying developments. As he asked even before the Nazi-Soviet pact, has our century passed no verdicts on conservatism? On liberalism? On religion? On piecemeal social engineering? The true accounting has yet to begin, though nostalgia and revisionism can only postpone it.

I cannot think of a single contradiction in the capitalist world system that is abolished or ameliorated by the self-destruction of the C.P.S.U. The international division of labor is just as anarchic as before. The engine of the war economy is precisely as wasteful and irrational. The distribution of income bears the same relation—an inverse one—to effort and reward. Private affluence and public squalor are still taken, in their coexistence, as a natural law. More and more countries, including the formerly Communist ones, are being told to develop free enterprise and capitalism—ideas and systems by no means synonymous—but *without capital*.

Once it became clear that the 1956 rebellion in Hungary was universally popular, Communist hacks stopped saying that it was fascist-inspired. The suggestion that a decade of Stalinist rule had created a pro-Nazi public opinion seemed rather a compromising one from the propaganda point of view. Much the same applies to the current eruption of atavism and fear among the former subject nations of the East. They will discover the limits of nation and capital in the same way as we have—by experience. And once various kinds of false consciousness, of which Stalinism and Brezhnevism were signal examples, have been heaved over the side, it will remain relevant to suggest that the world's workers, by hand and by brain, might be wise to, well, reflect on their common interests.

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ARTICLES.

CULTURE WATCH

The Paperbacking Of Publishing

TED SOLOTAROFF

In his response to Jacob Weisberg's rip at book editors a few months back in *The New Republic*, John Baker, who runs the trade magazine *Publishers Weekly*, plaintively asks, "Is the outside world really as interested in publishing as so many newspaper and magazine editors seem to think?" Baker suggests the beginning of an explanation in noting the ambivalence of the press, which shuttles between fascination with the power and glamour of the trade book publishers and disapproval of much of their operation and product.

This ambivalence springs from several general facts. The first is that for writers, a term now covering almost anyone with a word processor, trade publishing is the place where their dream of fame and fortune could come true. Hence the wide and intense interest in how it works, rewards and frustrates. Second, publishing is our most representative cultural institution because it is the most comprehensive: the place where *People* meets *The New York Review of Books*, an encounter that causes a good deal of anxiety on both sides of the browline. Finally, trade publishing has been the flagship institution, the one that carries the cargo of our heritage along the routes of the present to the ports of the future. If it is paying only lip service to this mission and changing its course to transform itself into another busy carrier in the infotainment business, with its own big players and deals and lawsuits, that confirms the general feeling of decline in the midst of expansion, of a whole culture selling out.

Each of these general facts and the curiosity and concern they give rise to lurk in the background of Weisberg's article like major witnesses who have not yet been called to the stand. Because they have not, his indictment of publishers and editors is about 60 percent right and 60 percent wrong. He has got the crime—the decline of editorial standards—mostly right but the perpetrators and motive mostly wrong. His evidence is thin, much of it uncorroborated hearsay. He has missed virtually all of the extenuating circumstances, not to mention the distinctions, comparisons and conflicts, that form the real interest and drama of the case.

Weisberg's main presumption is that the publishing business and the editorial profession should somehow be spared the economic and social forces that everywhere create conglomerates, expand and standardize markets, and undermine product quality and professional standards. Given the profit pressures, pricing limits and distribution problems that the industry has to contend with, the remarkable fact, as Weisberg acknowledges, is not how few quality books are published but how many. (Keeping them in print is another matter.)

As for publishing's ethos, again a little perspective is in order. Even a house like Simon and Schuster, Weisberg's worst offender, is still a nun in the whorehouse alongside the major players in the music industry and the art market or, to take a comparable industry elsewhere in the economy, some of the ethical drug companies. As for professional standards, Weisberg almost stumbles on the truth when he compares his "working editors" (those who edit rather than lunch and phone around) to "college professors with a vocation for teaching" instead of, presumably, those working the academic career tracks or chasing Defense Department grants. Indeed, many institutions of higher learning today cost-account a professor's courses in much the same way that publishers evaluate an editor's list of authors. When virtually every profession is seeing its standards being eroded by the flow of big money, it is as bootless for Weisberg to view book editors in the context of forty years ago as it would be to do so with physicians or investment bankers or members of Congress.

The paperback mentality now pervades hardcover publishing from the well to the pump.

Except for the few remaining privately held quality houses and some imprints, which probably employ less than 10 percent of the editors, there isn't much choice for a trade editor but to work in a go-go corporate environment, most of whose revenue comes from books that do well in the shopping malls. This is the basic change in publishing that Weisberg ignores, except for glancing potshots here and there: the enormous expansion of the book market as part of a service economy. That is why hardcover publishing today more and more resembles mass-market paperback publishing of twenty years ago—books for all kinds of consumers—and why the large paperback houses are now prominent in hardcover publishing. Also, it's no accident, as they used to say in Marxist circles, that now the heads of the publishing conglomerates and even of the hardcover houses within them typically come from the paperback side of the business.

This in turn has a significant effect on the way hardcover books, and their editors and authors, are handled. The traditional, editorially driven house, such as Farrar, Straus & Giroux or W.W. Norton, closely identifies itself with the content of a book and regards its package (jacket illustration, type design, cover copy, flap copy, etc.) in terms of appropriateness and good taste. The paperback mavens who are moving into hardcover publishing regard content as more or less a given—much as they regard the content of the titles they acquire to reprint. Their forte is packaging and marketing them to a broader public. Hence erotic jacket art, as on Philip Roth's *Deception*, for which Weisberg takes Simon and Schuster to

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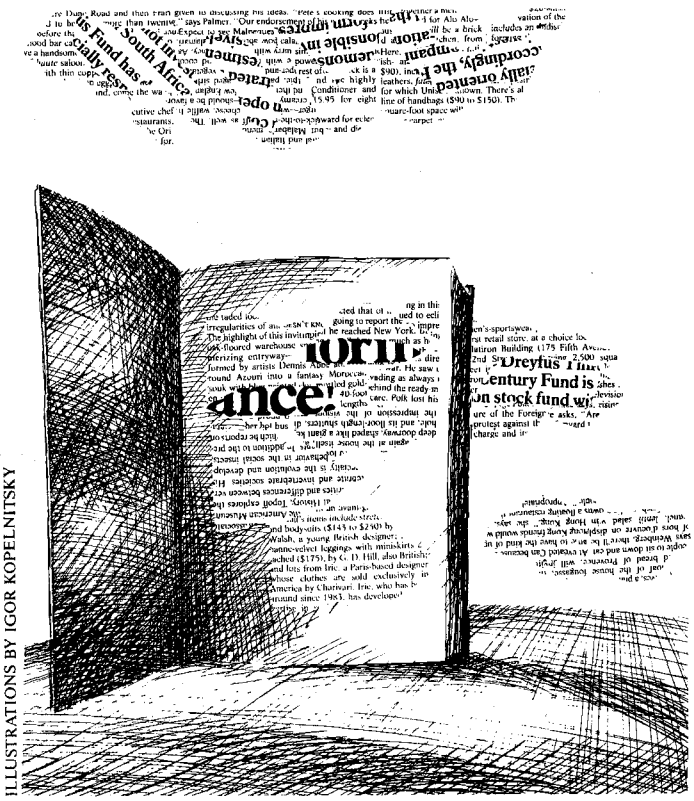
task, has been standard practice in paperback publishing since it got going after World War II. (We're also seeing the telltale advent of glitzy embossed type and selling copy on hardcover jackets.) Or take Weisberg's next exhibit in his hall of shame: Bret Easton Ellis's *American Psycho*. When Sonny Mehta, president of Knopf, picked it up after it had dropped from the nervous hands of Richard Snyder, C.E.O. at S&S, and with little editorial concern or interest published it as a paperback original, he was behaving exactly like the paperback editor he has been for most of his career. Or again, Weisberg takes S&S to task for publishing conflicting accounts of the Reagan ménage by Kitty Kelley and Lou Cannon. Snyder, who came up through the ranks of paperback marketing, defends this decision with the cant of the reprinter: "To publish is to disseminate. Our aim is to present both sides." A more honest explanation would have been, "It's all product."

The influence of the paperback mentality now pervades hardcover publishing from the well, as it were, to the pump. The auction by which the paperback houses acquire reprint rights has become prevalent among hardcover houses in competition for the "big book," and even the possibly prestigious one, that hasn't been nailed down contractually or preemptively. Once the book is acquired, the emphasis, as with reprints, is on marketing. Discussions of a title and jacket can go on for hours and weeks, while the house's editorial position is usually settled in a five-minute discussion. Similarly, the number of titles that acquisitions editors and production editors are responsible for has expanded drastically in recent years, approaching the quotas of their counterparts in the paperback houses. At the marketing end the similarities become even more telling. The reprinter puts his promotion money behind the two or three leaders on his monthly new releases and leaves the rest to stand or fall on their own. This has become



ILLUSTRATIONS BY IGOR KOPELNITSKY

the mindset in hardcover publishing. In the past most houses would allocate 10 percent of the cover price times the first printing to advertise and promote the book; today hardcover books are like the biblical faithful and faithless or the Reagan/Bush public: To those that have, even more shall be given, and for those who have not, what little they do have shall be taken away. Even at the final stage of the process, hardcover publishers dispose of their unsold copies much as the mass-market reprinters have always done—abundantly and quickly.

The much deeper pockets of the reprinters derived from the fact that the cover price of their product was roughly ten times its cost, about twice the ratio for a hardcover book. Paperback printings were, as a rule of thumb, ten times larger, while the number of returned copies was only about five times larger. Also, paperbacks were much less sensitive to economic conditions: Until things began to go out of whack in the late 1970s from overspending for titles, the paperback houses weren't much affected by recessions because they provided such bargain pleasures.

In effect, then, the reprinters provided most of the operating capital for the hardcover houses to do their thing, much as the merchant fortunes subsidized the refinements of the aristocracy without much affecting its ethos. The *haut en bas* nature of the industry was reflected in the fact that the paperback houses were called reprinters by their betters on the other side of Fifth Avenue, who reserved the term "publisher" for themselves, and were kept at telephone distance during the six- and seven-figure auctions in which they weren't even told whom they were bidding against. In such ways did the profession protect itself from the demotic side of the business: The hardcover houses had the standards and the paperback houses had the élan. In 1979, when I went from Bantam to Harper and Row, it was like going from *Time* to *The Yale Review*.

That was also the time of sackcloth and ashes on both sides of Fifth Avenue. Amid the oil-shortage recession, publishing was having its own private downturn as a result of the spending sprees that had been set off by the first generation of conglomerate takeovers. Confusing best-selling authors with brand-name products, expanded lists and shipments with market share, and a shotgun wedding of a hardcover and a paperback house with a magnetic marriage, publishers poured in millions in search of authors, titles and "synergy" and wreaked mostly havoc. But while publishing executives were learning to be more cautious and frugal, a succession of print-media giants—Bertelsmann, Pearson, Newhouse, Murdoch and Maxwell—were arriving on the scene. Although they understood book publishing better than the first-generation conglomerateers at Times Mirror, RCA and CBS had, and ran a tighter and more ruthless ship, the economies they effected by slashing overhead flowed into a second tidal wave of money for acquisitions of books. Like George Steinbrenner, they believed in buying heavy hitters and consistent winners, which is not surprising since that is how they built their empires. But unlike Steinbrenner's Yankees, whose vast subsidiary income from TV rights covered the multitude of his acquisition mistakes, and unlike newspapers and magazines, which stay afloat on advertising revenue, book publishers have only the direct income from their books—three out of four of which

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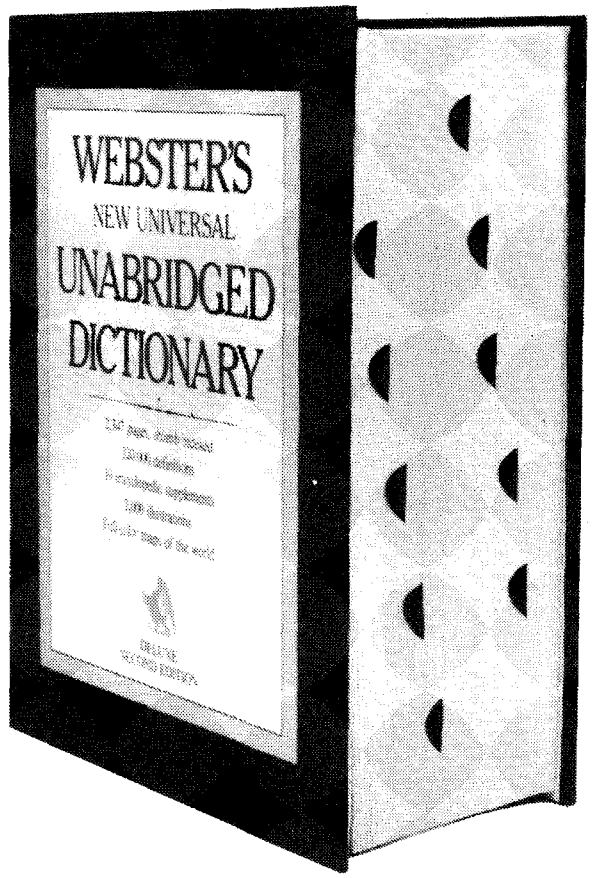

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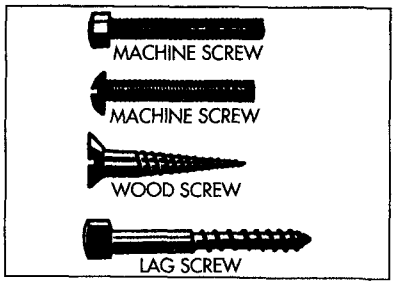

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lose money—to increase profit levels and meet interest payments. Hence their extravagant competition for major best sellers, which, because of the expanded distribution that the giant book chains provide, can be cash cows. Also, having a Robert Ludlum, Tom Clancy or Danielle Steel provides what little stability and realistic planning is possible amid the wild vicissitudes of trade publishing.

The advent of these new or rebankrolled high-stakes players was not lost on the dealers of the game, the agents, who raised the table stakes, or advances, beyond what they had been before. The sharpest ones did so not only for the rainmaking authors but also for the image-making ones: the much-vaunted older novelist or the much-publicized younger one, the classy contemporary historian, the outstanding travel writer, the philosophical gardener, and so forth. A particularly effective ploy was raising the ante for keeping an author whose reputation the house was building. The agent would slip the manuscript to a competitor or sometimes just make a few discreet phone calls, and the deed was done. As Gerald Howard, one of the few editors willing to spill the beans, has written, "The publishers are scared stiff of the powerful agents. . . . The million-dollar contracts you read about are paid over with silent screams."

There are still two cultures in most hardcover houses: the book one and the product one.

That the megapublishers are susceptible to these shakedowns brings us to the gray moral complexion of the subject that Weisberg paints in stark black and white. Overpaying for an author whose book has only to show up to sell a million or more copies makes its own kind of economic sense, or at least makes understandable the terror of losing her. But why double or even triple the advance of an author whose last book hasn't earned out despite all its prominent reviews?

The publisher will say, "We can't afford to lose this author." What that means is quite complicated: first, that an author's reputation and sales have reached a point—25,000 copies or so—that his next book may launch him into orbit as a literary star and the red ink of his previous books will turn green. Second, it means that the house will lose status and, to some extent, acquisition position in the quality market if it loses him. These are the more or less objective reasons. The subjective ones are that most publishers, even the most market-minded ones, are subject to the lingering aura of cultural prestige that is associated with their house: what Weisberg shrewdly calls their "ghosts." It is these authors who enable Random House or HarperCollins or Viking to hold on to their former distinction with their left hand, as it were, while the right goes about the business of business. More subtle, but perhaps even stronger, is the surviving influence of the serious book culture within the house. Although the ownership and the market have altered conditions, the people who go into publishing do so because they like to hang around books enough to endure its abysmal salaries for the first ten years or so. They create a kind of secondary milieu of taste, irony and dedication that reinforces the better side of the publisher's pride and his desire to be respected by his staff, which in turn is most tangibly acted upon by going out on a limb for an author who matters.

So there are still two cultures in most hardcover houses: the book one and the product one. Since the latter is generally the dominating one, it has the most direct impact on the younger editors, conditioning them to be more responsive to the market, more entrepreneurial and competitive than editors of my generation were, and less guided by a sense of cultural mission. Also, the product culture is hardly a refuge from the cynicism and careerism of their generation. Does this mean they don't edit? No. They tend to get their start as editors by handling consumer books that senior editors turn over to them and develop one or another of those areas—cookbooks, sports books, pop psychology, etc.—as a career base. And since these books often require more editing than the classier ones, they are Weisberg's "working editors" from the start and are likely to remain so until they become part of management.

Some senior editors and some nominal ones who compete with one another for publicity and product have ridden the crests of the sea change in hardcover publishing. Even their troughs become crests as they go from one overpaid acquisition to the next and, often enough, from one big house or imprint to the next. As Joni Evans—whose new imprint, Turtle Bay, is likely to take trendiness to new heights—recently remarked, "When they stop writing about you, you know you're no longer hot." Since her type is so visible as well as indicative of how the major money nexus confounds and devastates the profession of editing, one wonders why Weisberg didn't write about them. Someone should, other than Roger Cohen, their flack at *The New York Times*.

Meanwhile, most acquisitions editors of serious books have all they can do to keep their heads above water. Their ability to acquire and to influence the publishing of their books has been curbed, when not crushed, by the product culture. The Pantheon debacle is their story writ large; the fate of Allen Peacock at Simon and Schuster or Jonathan Galassi at Random House or James Landis at William Morrow, to take the more glaring of many examples, is their story writ individually. The essential plot is that marketing and sales managers, subsidiary rights and publicity directors, along with those editors who have got the new religion, have become the ranking subordinates of the big-time publisher. They have the decisive input on print quotas, advertising and promotion budgets (or the lack thereof), and even the spin put on a book by its jacket, flap copy and publicity. Even more onerous, they often decide on the merits and potential of the manuscript or project that an editor has proposed to acquire and develop. Years of experience and prowess in doing so can count for nothing alongside the skepticism of people whose main contact with the life of the mind is a marketing report, and who view the editorial process in terms of overhead and the writing career in terms of advances.

During my own stint at Simon and Schuster in the early

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1970s, when the twig of the present megapublisher was being bent, I was told by the editor in chief that instead of developing young or little-known authors I should be luring the ripe ones from the small houses that had established them: *That* was "exciting publishing" (he proved to be a much more successful, as well as prophetic, editor than I was). After taking a month to edit a novel I was told by the publisher, who had it from the above-mentioned colleague, who prided himself on editing a 700-page novel over a weekend, that I was, in the publisher's characteristic idiom, "slow as shit." To which I could only reply, "So are brain surgeons," as I gazed at the handwriting on the wall.

An acquisitions editor today who does quality books at a big-time house has a number of Hobbesian choices. She can try to function within the slender margin left for her, keep her overhead low, beginning with her salary, and hope that one or two of her authors turn into an Anne Tyler or a Barry Lopez and that her reputation sends a few other rising stars her way before the authorities blow the whistle. The problem with that is being out of the loop, which on Publishers Row means the major money nexus, and she may well lose such an author to an editor within it, one who will "kill to get him." The agents don't think of her when they're looking for major money from the Alfred A. Doubledays.

Much has been written about editors abandoning authors by jumping from house to house and very little about authors abandoning editors who brought them into the limelight, the very limelight that their new heavy-hitting agent is exploiting to drive up the asking price. As I've said earlier, there are quality authors the megapublisher can't afford to lose, but there are more whom it is glad to lose. In addition, the frustrations and bruises that develop between ambitious authors and relatively powerless editors become further grounds for divorce. Meanwhile, a new editor has come courting who loves every word the author has published and who has dollar signs in his eyes. Authors don't have to be told anymore that the higher the advance, the more money and attention will be given to promoting their book, though they seldom foresee what will happen in their new marriage if the book doesn't succeed.

In the mid-1980s I was told that the income from my books didn't justify my overhead and salary as a senior editor. Since I was developing a list of promising authors and didn't want to move or lose them, I worked part time until I acquired a best-selling one and regained my former position, with some added clout. This, in turn, enabled me to play a stronger hand at acquisitions and marketing meetings. Such are the conditions that drive an editor to double his standards and join the hunt for commercial books. What used to be called selling out is today simply a strategy for surviving. But the risks and consequences of doing so haven't changed just because there is more company. At best, he wastes more and more time and spirit catering to authors he would have little use for if he didn't have so much need for them. Some editors can do so without developing a dual editorial personality connected by cynicism. Instead, they become consumed by the overwork involved in fast-track management during the day and their professional work nights and weekends. Others become mainly the wheelers and dealers that Weisberg confuses with all acquisitions edi-

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tors or else end up playing a losing hand of sardonic halfheartedness with both their quality and commercial authors.

The other two ways of surviving are to become part of management or find a publisher who will bankroll one's own imprint. Both positions give the editor more clout to acquire and effectively publish books and even less time to work with authors. Both positions raise profit, anxiety and distraction levels beyond the point that makes sense for a working editor.

But, then again, little in publishing does make sense these days—besides closing the door, punching the Do Not Disturb button and pulling out a manuscript or flap copy or working on some other useful, skilled task. That's why there is still a book culture, powerless or divided as many of its members may be. That's why editing standards haven't declined nearly as much as editorial ones, that is, what a house chooses to publish, which is mostly out of its editors' hands. That's why the mobility of editors today that outsiders like Weisberg attribute to opportunism is more often the desperation of someone trying to reach possibly higher ground in a flood. □

TALES OF A MONEY LAUNDERER

The C.I.A. and The Cocaine Coup

DAVID CORN

"Holy shit, what's going on? Do we franchise out pieces of Florida to foreign intelligence organizations to conduct illegal activities?" That was the reaction of Jack Blum, then special counsel to the Senate Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics and International Operations, when in 1987 he first heard Leandro Sanchez Reisse's story.

Sanchez Reisse told Blum that in the late 1970s, while serving with the Argentine military intelligence service, he set up a secret currency transfer operation in Florida with the blessing of the Central Intelligence Agency. One of its projects, he claimed, was to help Gen. Luis García Meza Tejada, an ally of narcotics dealers, take over the Bolivian government in a bloody 1980 coup. Sanchez Reisse disclosed to the subcommittee a number of tales that, if accurate, raise a host of questions about the C.I.A. But the subcommittee, busy with other matters, never pursued the leads he provided. His story still awaits an official investigation that will probably never come—a reminder that Congress appears to have neither the desire nor the ability to keep track of all the potentially embarrassing secrets of the agency.

Four years ago Steven Hyman, a New York attorney, contacted Blum, an old law school classmate. The subcommittee for which Blum worked was investigating links between the drug trade and political forces in Latin America, including the Nicaraguan *contras*, Manuel Noriega and Fidel Castro. (In the course of that inquiry the subcommittee became one of the first entities to sniff out scandal connected to the Bank of Credit and Commerce International.) Hyman was defending Sanchez Reisse, a 41-year-old Argentine being held in a New York prison and fighting extradition to Argentina on a kidnapping charge. After hearing about his client's past, Hyman thought Sanchez Reisse should talk to somebody official. The former spook agreed to testify before the subcommittee, no strings attached.

On July 23, 1987, Sanchez Reisse appeared at a closed hearing of the subcommittee. Present were a better-than-average number of subcommittee members: John Kerry, the chair; Jesse Helms; Frank Murkowski; and Mitch McConnell. Also attending was Claiborne Pell, who chairs the Foreign Relations Committee. Sanchez Reisse railed about the communist threat facing Latin American nations, but he also guided the senators through the not-unrelated worlds of intelligence and money laundering. The session, one Senate aide recalled, gave him the creeps. Sanchez Reisse did not bring evidence to confirm his disclosures, but according to Blum and other Senate investigators, Sanchez Reisse was who he said he was and seemed a generally credible witness. According to a previously undisclosed transcript of that confidential hearing, here is his story:

After receiving degrees in business administration and advertising from the Catholic University in Buenos Aires in the early 1970s, Sanchez Reisse went to work in the Argentine financial community, learning the international banking trade. In 1976 he was recruited into Battalion 601, a military intelligence unit—but not as a spy. His job was to set up a business that would conduct financial and other services for the Argentine military. Norman Faber, a partner (coincidentally, Faber claims) in the law firm of William Casey, the future C.I.A. chief, incorporated the business. At the same time, Sanchez Reisse's immediate superior, Raul Guglielminetti, was managing a Miami pawn shop called The Silver Dollar. The pawn shop, deliberately set up next to a gun store, was established, in part, to trade covertly in weapons. It also served, Sanchez Reisse testified, as an operations center for Argentine military intelligence activities in Latin America.

Some bare essentials of Sanchez Reisse's account check out. On August 25, 1977, according to New York State records, Sanchez Reisse's company, which was called Argenshow, was officially incorporated in New York. Its registered agent was Faber's law firm. Faber confirms that he did set up the company but that its business was to bring entertainers to Argentina. The company even arranged, he says, a small number of bookings, including a concert tour for pop singer Paul Williams. After a year or so, Argenshow relocated to Fort Lauderdale, according to Faber, and he was no longer involved with it. Not until several years later, Faber notes, did Sanchez Reisse tell him he had worked for the Argentine military and had "some role to play in Latin America with military and covert situations." Fort Lauderdale and Miami telephone books list both Argenshow and The Silver Dollar in the locales where Sanchez Reisse claimed they were and show that the pawn shop was on the same block as a gun store now out of business. A neighboring shopkeeper remembers that The Silver Dollar was run by an unfriendly Argentine and did not appear to have many customers.

In Florida, Argenshow and The Silver Dollar ran operations for and with the C.I.A., Sanchez Reisse claimed. They

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arranged for weapons shipments to Argentine personnel in Central America and, Sanchez Reisse said, "people working from [the] United States in that area." He explained to the senators, "People from the Government of Argentina, together with people from the Government of the United States, decided that it was better and it was much more safe that Argentine troops and advisers were, for instance, in El Salvador or Costa Rica and Honduras . . . [than] troops from [the] United States." Argenshow also moved large sums of money around the world. Funds from Switzerland, the Bahamas, the Grand Cayman Islands and Liechtenstein were transferred to locations throughout Central America, often passing through Panama. In an eighteen-month period the business handled more than $30 million. Sanchez Reisse had his own corporation in the Bahamas to facilitate money transfers.

His unit, Sanchez Reisse said, sometimes received instructions or help from the C.I.A. "to do certain things" in El Salvador and Costa Rica. In a December 1980 operation, Argentine intelligence recruited the first of the Nicaraguan *contras* to attack a shortwave radio station in Costa Rica that broadcast reports and propaganda about the so-called dirty war in Argentina. The *contras* agreed to do so in exchange for a promise of future Argentine support. (Argentine intelligence, acting partly as a conduit for secret U.S. assistance, would come to be a vital patron of the *contras*.) The assault on the radio station, which resulted in the deaths of three Costa Ricans, was carried out, Sanchez Reisse asserted, with C.I.A.-provided intelligence. "We were," Sanchez Reisse asserted, "not just a group of guys in Argentina . . . [who] realized that it was good to go to Miami and start working there by ourselves. . . . We were there because we were authorized."

Blum and other investigators found Sanchez Reisse's testimony unsettling. "Everyone knows we had close relations with the Argentines and used them as our proxies," Blum says. "But to support this, were [the Argentines] running a money-laundering operation in Florida?"

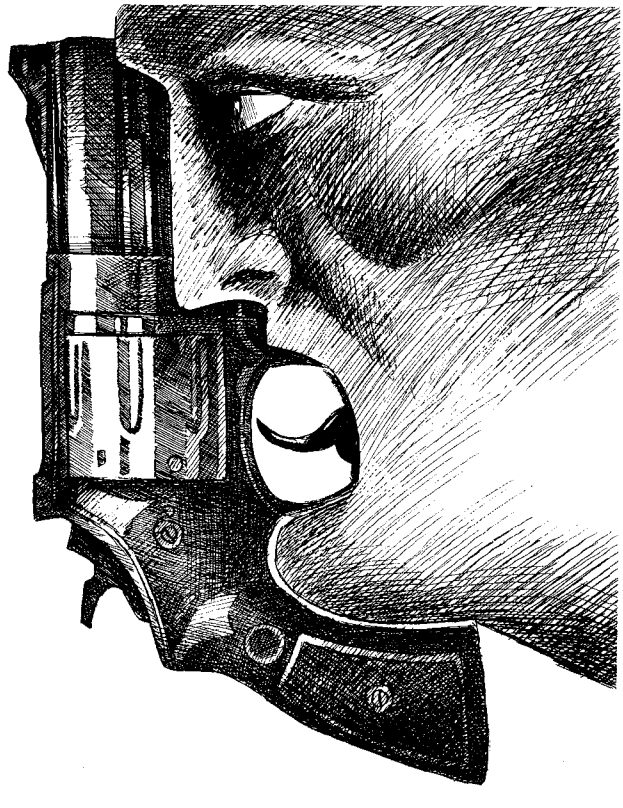
Sanchez Reisse was nervous about his testimony and would describe the specifics of only a few actions carried out by his Florida-based unit. The most significant program he discussed occurred in 1980, when Argenshow allegedly funneled to the Argentine military funds that originated with Roberto Suarez Levy, a prominent Bolivian drug trafficker. In return, Argentina sent ambulances loaded with weapons to Bolivia. These were used in the 1980 coup engineered by Col. Luis Arce Gomez and General García.

A center-left coalition had won the Bolivian national elections on June 29, but eighteen days later the military struck, using paramilitary personnel, not regular troops, traveling in the ambulances (Nazi-at-large Klaus Barbie had helped organize the coup's shock troops). Several political opponents were slaughtered. García, widely reputed to have contacts with the drug trade, assumed the presidency, and a brutal right-wing narcodictatorship was born in what was dubbed the "cocaine coup."

Prior to the putsch, the Carter Administration supported the democratic process in Bolivia and tried to forestall a military takeover. Afterward, it severely criticized the García regime. If Sanchez Reisse is telling the truth, a C.I.A.-sanctioned operation in Florida, run by the Argentine military (whose support for their Bolivian brethren was no secret), helped to subvert U.S. policy and bring to power drug-linked thugs. This is no small charge. Sanchez Reisse's testimony suggests that either the agency screwed up by not monitoring its Argentine proxy or, worse, that it knowingly supported an outfit working against declared U.S. policy. If Argenshow, contrary to Sanchez Reisse's statements, actually conducted its business without C.I.A. approval, then the agency and other members of the intelligence community were negligent in not discovering the Argentine operation.

Sanchez Reisse also maintained that some of the drug money was used to support Argentine forces in El Salvador and that his organization purchased weapons and shipped the arms to the *contras* and others in Latin America. These deals were conducted without the appropriate export licenses. But he insisted the transfers were not illegal since the C.I.A. knew about them. He reported that his chief, Guglielminetti, was a friend of John Hull, an American rancher in Costa Rica who had contacts with the C.I.A. and was a prominent supporter of the rebels. Sanchez Reisse also testified that he knew *contras* on the southern front were using drug proceeds to finance their activities—an allegation supported by others, including *contras*, who testified before the Kerry subcommittee.

In 1981 Argenshow was dissolved as a New York corporation. The Silver Dollar, according to a neighbor, was sold by its Argentine proprietor. Sanchez Reisse left the United States and went to Switzerland, where he became the target of an extradition request from Argentina regarding an alleged kidnapping that took place in 1979. The Swiss denied extradition, but he ended up in jail there on an extortion charge. Still, he remained in contact with Guglielminetti, who, according to press accounts, directed a band of former intelligence and mil-



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itary officials responsible for a wave of bombings and abductions in Argentina following the establishment of a civilian government in 1983.

Sanchez Reisse's adventures did not cease. After serving nearly two years in prison for the extortion caper, he left Switzerland in November 1985. He said he traveled to several countries using false passports and funds held in an escrow account handled by Norman Faber. With the help of Faber, he testified, he entered the United States without passing through Customs by taking a boat across the St. Lawrence River (Faber verifies that Sanchez Reisse came into the country "without inspection"). He worked at a small bank and, with Faber's legal assistance, tried to start a business to conduct foreign currency transactions. Sanchez Reisse admitted that he exchanged into dollars money illegally taken out of Latin American countries. On one occasion, in the summer of 1986, he said, he helped convert millions of dollars' worth of Iranian rials that had been produced by a weapons deal, the details of which he did not divulge. He told the subcommittee that the South African Embassy was laundering money to help pay the country's foreign debts. He spoke at length on the general subject of money washing, implicating several large banks and financial services firms. He claimed he knew of a bizarre plot by Mossad, the Israeli intelligence service, to counterfeit millions of U.S. dollars.

The outlandish Mossad charge alone is worth some investigation. But Sanchez Reisse's revelations were never thoroughly examined. The Kerry subcommittee did not have the resources to chase down his allegations. Sanchez Reisse repeatedly said he had access to documents that would confirm some of his revelations—in particular the names of the C.I.A. officials with whom Argenshow worked. Some relevant records, he said, had been spirited out of Argentina by the military after the Alfonsín government took over. But Sanchez Reisse was in touch with the custodians of this material and believed he could gain access to the papers. For any curious government investigator, the Argentine's testimony is full of leads regarding bank and financial records and other material seemingly worthy of subpoenas.

"At the time," Blum asserts, "the problem was that some of these matters were far afield from what I could spend time on verifying." He says he notified the Senate Intelligence Committee about Sanchez Reisse, but as far as he knows, it did not delve into his story. Hyman, too, notes that Sanchez Reisse was never contacted by the committee. A spokesperson for the committee refused to say whether it had ever probed Sanchez Reisse's allegations. Sanchez Reisse, who is hard to find these days, did not respond to a request for an interview forwarded through Hyman.

It is troubling that Sanchez Reisse's story has gone unexamined for years, but that is a telling indication of the state of Congressional oversight (apt word) of the intelligence community. The C.I.A.'s use of a foreign intelligence service is not an unusual matter. Earlier this year, President Bush vetoed the intelligence authorization act, partly because it would have required him to notify Congress whenever the United States requested a favor from another service. But Sanchez Reisse's testimony charges the agency with either flagrant neglect or complicity in the "cocaine coup" and other unsavory, if not illegal, events.

Months after his testimony, Sanchez Reisse lost his challenge to the Argentine extradition request. He returned to Argentina, beat the kidnapping charge and came back to the United States, where he found employment with the federal government. According to Blum, Sanchez Reisse, the fellow who claimed to have handled financial transactions for the "cocaine coup," signed on with the Drug Enforcement Administration as an informant. □

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THE SHARON KOWALSKI CASE

Sexual Dissent And the Family

NAN D. HUNTER

No connection between family, marriage, or procreation on the one hand and homosexual activity on the other has been demonstrated.—Supreme Court, Bowers v. Hardwick, *1986*

Sharon Kowalski is the child of a divorce between her consanguineous family and her family of affinity, the petitioner Karen Thompson. . . . That Sharon's family of affinity has not enjoyed societal recognition in the past is unfortunate.
—Minnesota State District Court
In re: Guardianship of Sharon Kowalski, Ward, *1991*

In the effort to end second-class citizenship for lesbian and gay Americans, no obstacle has proved tougher to surmount than the cluster of issues surrounding "the family." For the past twenty years, the concept of family has functioned as a giant cultural screen. Projected onto it, contests over race, gender, sexuality and a range of other "domestic" issues from crime to taxes constantly create and recreate a newly identified zone of social combat, the politics of the family. Activists of all persuasions eagerly seek to enter

Nan D. Hunter is a professor of law at Brooklyn Law School. From 1986 to 1990 she was director of the American Civil Liberties Union Lesbian and Gay Rights Project.

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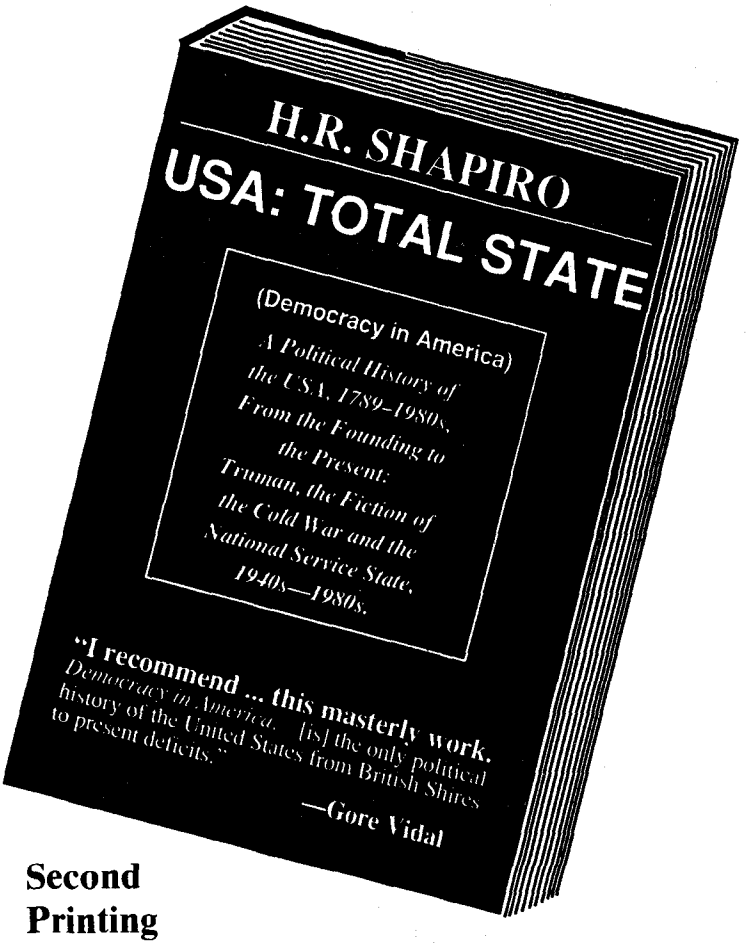
—LEWIS MUMFORD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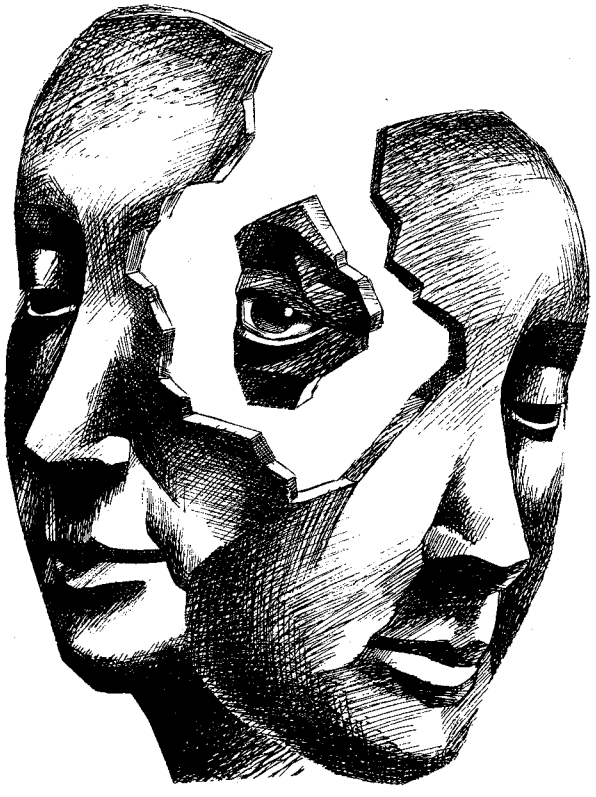
the discursive field, ever-ready to debate and discuss: Who counts as a family? Which "family values" are the authentic ones? Is there a place in the family for queers? As battles are won and lost in this cultural war, progressives and conservatives agree on at least one thing—the family is highly politicized terrain.

For lesbians and gays, these debates have dramatic real-life consequences, probably more so than with any other legal issue. Relationship questions touch almost every person's life at some point, in a way that military issues, for example, do not. Further, the unequal treatment is blatant, de jure and universal, as compared with the employment arena, where discrimination may be more subtle and variable. No state allows a lesbian or gay couple to marry. No state recognizes (although sixteen counties and cities do) domestic partnership systems under which unmarried couples (gay or straight) can become eligible for certain benefits usually available only to spouses. The fundamental inequity is that, barring mental incompetence or consanguinity, virtually any straight couple has the option to marry and thus establish a next-of-kin relationship that the state will enforce. No lesbian or gay couple can. Under the law, two women or two men are forever strangers, regardless of their relationship.

One result is that every lesbian or gay man's nightmare is to be cut off from one's primary other, physically incapacitated, stranded, unable to make contact, without legal recourse. It is a nightmare that could not happen to a married couple. But it did happen to two Minnesota women, Sharon Kowalski and Karen Thompson, in a remarkable case that has been threading its way through the courts for six years.

Sharon Kowalski, notwithstanding the Minnesota State District Court's characterization of her as a "child of divorce," is an adult with both a committed life partner and parents who bitterly refuse to acknowledge either her lesbianism or her lover. Kowalski is a former physical education teacher and amateur athlete, whose Minnesota women's high school shot-put record still stands. In 1983, she was living with her lover, Thompson, in the home they had jointly purchased in St. Cloud. Both women were deeply closeted; they exchanged rings with each other but told virtually no one of their relationship. That November, Kowalski suffered devastating injuries in a car accident, which left her unable to speak or walk, with arms deformed and with major brain damage, including seriously impaired short-term memory.



'The good Lord put us here for reproduction, not that kind of way,' Donald Kowalski said.

After the accident, both Thompson and Kowalski's father petitioned to be appointed Sharon's guardian; initially, an agreement was entered that the father would become guardian on the condition that Thompson retain equal rights to visit and consult with doctors. By the summer of 1985, after growing hostilities, the father refused to continue the arrangement and persuaded a local court that Thompson's visits caused Kowalski to feel depressed. One doctor hired by the father wrote a letter stating that Kowalski was in danger of sexual abuse. Within twenty-four hours after being named sole guardian, the father cut off all contact between Thompson and Kowalski, including mail. By this time, Kowalski had been moved to a nursing home near the small town where she grew up in the Iron Range, a rural mining area in northern Minnesota.

Surely one reason the Kowalski case is so compelling is that for millions of parents, learning that one's son is gay or daughter is lesbian would be *their* worst nightmare. That is all the more true in small-town America, among people who are religiously observant and whose expectations for a daughter are primarily marriage and motherhood. "The good Lord put us here for reproduction, not that kind of way," Donald Kowalski told the *Los Angeles Times* in 1988. "It's just not a normal life style. The Bible will tell you that." Karen Thompson, he told other reporters, was "an animal" and was lying about his daughter's life. "I've never seen anything that would make me believe" that she is lesbian, he said to *The New York Times* in 1989. How much less painful it must be to explain a lesbian daughter's life as seduction, rather than to experience it as betrayal.

Since 1985, Kowalski's parents and her lover have been locked in litigation, seeking review as far as the Supreme Court (which declined to hear the case). Thompson's stubborn struggle to "bring Sharon home" has now entered a new stage. In late 1988 a different judge, sitting in Duluth, ordered Kowalski moved to a new facility for medical evaluation. Soon thereafter, based on staff recommendations from the second nursing facility, the court ordered that Thompson be allowed to visit. The two women saw each other again in the spring

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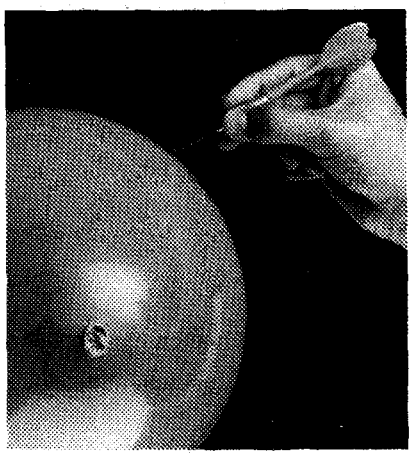

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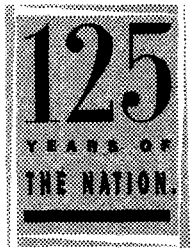

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of 1989, after three and a half years of forced separation. For the past two years, Thompson has visited Kowalski frequently. Kowalski, who can communicate by typing on a special keyboard, has said that she wants to live in "St. Cloud with Karen."

Since their daughter was moved to the new facility near Minneapolis, Donald and Della Kowalski have made only a handful of trips to see her. In May 1990, citing a heart condition for which he had been hospitalized, Donald Kowalski resigned as his daughter's guardian. This resignation set the stage for Thompson to file a renewed petition for appointment as guardian, which she did. But in an April 1991 ruling, Minnesota State District Court Judge Robert Campbell selected as guardian Karen Tomberlin—a friend of both Kowalski and her parents, who supported Tomberlin's request. On the surface, the court sought balance. The judge characterized the Kowalski parents and Karen Thompson as the "two wings" of Sharon Kowalski's family. He repeatedly asserted that both must have ample access to visitation with Kowalski. He described Tomberlin as a neutral third party who would not exclude either side. But the biggest single reason behind the decision, the one that he characterized as "instrumental," seemed to be the judge's anger at Thompson for ever telling Kowalski's parents (in a private letter), and then the world at large, that she and Kowalski were lovers.

The ideal family is seen as a barrier against unlicensed sexuality.

The court condemned Thompson's revelation of her own relationship as the "outing" of Sharon Kowalski. Thompson did write the letter to Kowalski's parents without telling Kowalski (who was at the time just emerging from a three-month coma after the accident) and did build on her own an active political organization around the case, composed chiefly of disability and lesbian and gay rights groups. Of course, for most of that period, she could not have consulted Kowalski because the two were cut off from each other.

In truth, though, the judge's concern seemed to be more for the outing of Kowalski's parents. He describes the Kowalskis as "outraged and hurt by the public invasion of Sharon's privacy and their privacy," and he blames this outing for the bitterness between Thompson and the parents. Had Thompson simply kept this to herself, the court implies, none of these nasty facts would ever have had to be discussed. But then Thompson would never have been able to maintain her relationship with her lover.

An openly stated preference for ignorance over knowledge is remarkable in a judicial opinion. Ultimately, that is what this latest decision in the Kowalski-Thompson litigation saga is about. One imagines the judge silently cursing Thompson for her arrogance in claiming the role of spouse, and for her insistence on shattering the polite fiction of two gym teachers living and buying a house together as just good friends. Women, especially, aren't supposed to be so stubborn or uppity. One can sense the court's empathetic response of shared embarrassment with the parents, of the desire not to be told and thus not to be forced to speak on this subject.

The conflict in the Kowalski case illustrates one of the prime contradictions underlying all the cases seeking legal protection for lesbian and gay couples. This culture is deeply invested with a notion of the ideal family as not only a zone of privacy and a structure of authority (preferably male in the conservative view) but also as a barrier against unlicensed sexuality. Even many leftists and progressives, who actively contest male authority and at least some of the assumptions behind privacy, are queasy about constructing a family politics with queer sex on the inside rather than the outside.

When such sexuality is culturally recognized *within* family bounds, "the family" ceases to function as an enforcer of sexual norms. That's why the moms and dads in groups like P-FLAG, an organization primarily of parents supportive of their lesbian and gay children, make such emotionally powerful spokespersons for the cause of civil rights. Parents who welcome sexual dissenters within the family undermine the notion that such dissent is intrinsically antithetical to deep human connection.

The theme of cultural anxiety about forms of sexuality not bounded and controlled by the family runs through a series of recent judicial decisions. In each case, the threat to norms came not from an assault on the prerogatives of family by libertarian outsiders, a prospect often cited by the right wing to trigger social anxieties. Instead, each court faced the dilemma of how to repress, at least in the law, the anomaly of unsanctioned sexuality within the family.

§ In a stunning decision two years ago, the Supreme Court ruled in *Michael H. v. Gerald D.* that a biological father had no constitutionally protected right to a relationship with his daughter, despite both paternity (which was not disputed) and a psychological bond that the two had formed. Instead, the Court upheld the rule that because the child's mother—who had had an affair with the child's biological father—was married to another man, the girl would be presumed to be the husband's child. It was more important, the Court declared, to protect the "unitary family," i.e., the marriage, than to subject anyone to "embarrassment" by letting the child and her father continue to see each other. The Court ruled that a state could properly force the termination of that bond rather than "disrupt an otherwise harmonious and apparently exclusive marital relationship." We are not bound, the Court said, to protect what it repeatedly described as "adulterous fathers."

§ In *Hodgson v. Minnesota* last year, the Supreme Court upheld a Minnesota requirement that a pregnant teenager had to notify both of her parents—even if they were divorced or if there was a threat of violence from her family—prior to obtaining an abortion, so long as she had the alternative option to petition a court. The decision was read primarily as an abortion decision and a ruling on the extent of privacy protection that will be accorded a minor who decides to have an

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abortion. But the case was also, at its core, about sex in the family and specifically about whether parents could rely on the state for assistance in learning whether a daughter is sexually active.

§ In two very similar cases this past spring, appellate courts in New York and California ruled that a lesbian partner who had co-parented a child with the biological mother for some years had no standing to seek visitation after the couple split up. Both courts acknowledged that the best interests of the child would be served by allowing a parental relationship to continue, but both also ruled that the law would not recognize what the New York court called "a biological stranger." Such a person could be a parent only if there had been a marriage or an adoption.

Indeed, perhaps the most important point in either decision was the footnote in the California ruling that invited lesbian and gay couples to adopt children jointly: "We see nothing in these [statutory] provisions that would preclude a child from being jointly adopted by someone of the same sex as the natural parent." This opens the door for many more such adoptions, at least in California, which is one of six states where lesbian or gay-couple adoption has occurred, although rarely. The New York court made no such overture.

The effort to legalize gay marriage will almost certainly emerge as a major issue in the next decade. In the past year, lawsuits seeking a right to marry have been filed in the District of Columbia and Hawaii, and activists in other states are contemplating litigation. In 1989 the Conference of Delegates of the State Bar of California endorsed an amendment of that state's law to permit lesbian and gay couples to marry.

A debate continues within the lesbian and gay community about whether such an effort is assimilationist and conservatizing and whether same-sex marriage would simply constitute the newest form of boundary. Much of that debate, however, simply assumes that the social meaning of marriage is unchanging and timeless. If same-sex couples could marry, the profoundly gendered structure at the heart of marriage would be radically disrupted. Who *would* be the "husband" in a marriage of two men, or the "wife" in a marriage of two women? And either way—if there can be no such thing as a female husband or a male wife, as the right wing argues with contempt; or if indeed in some sense there *can* be, as lesbian and gay couples reconfigure these roles on their own terms—the absolute conflation of gender with role is shattered. What would be the impact on heterosexual marriage?

The law's changes to protect sexual dissent within the family will occur at different speeds in different places, which might not be so bad. Family law has always been a province primarily of state rather than federal regulation and often has varied from state to state; grounds for divorce, for example, used to differ dramatically depending on geography. What seems likely to occur in the next wave of family cases is the same kind of variability in the legal definition of the family itself. Those very discrepancies may help to denaturalize concepts like "marriage" and "parent" and expose the utter contingency of the sexual conventions that, in part, construct the family. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Bob & Al's Bogus Journey

ROBERT SHERRILL

SILENT COUP: The Removal of a President. *By Len Colodny and Robert Gettlin. St. Martin's. 507 pp. $24.95.*

It used to be that hardly anyone dared criticize the things the legendary Bob Woodward wrote. After all, wasn't he portrayed by, hey, wow, Robert Redford in the movie *All the President's Men*? But Woodward received a severe blow recently when St. Martin's Press published *Silent Coup: The Removal of a President*, a book by Len Colodny and Robert Gettlin—which, despite the biased opposition of a *New York Times* review and the panicky opposition of *The Washington Post*, the two most important newspapers in America when it comes to selling books, fought its way up to the Number 3 spot on the national best-seller list, largely with the help of radio and TV talk shows. In some parts of the country, such as Los Angeles, it reached the Number 1 spot.

Granted, in recent years there has been some strong criticism of Woodward's post-Watergate reporting techniques. But *Silent Coup* is much more radical, going back to the root of his fame and fortune. It asserts that what he and Carl Bernstein wrote about Watergate for *The Washington Post* and in *All the President's Men* and *The Final Days*, although generally accepted as gospel, is to a significant degree based on tainted sources and faulty reporting. And so far as I'm aware, nobody before Colodny and Gettlin had been so impudent as to look back even further, into the pre-Watergate life of Woodward, and use it to question his truthfulness.

Bernstein won't suffer much from the accusations in this book because he has since pretty much disappeared into the swampland of *Time* magazine's staff. But Woodward is different. As an assistant managing editor at the *Post*, he heads the paper's investigative team and has turned out several big-bucks books. His success depends entirely on his credibility, which authors Colodny and Gettlin seem to have banged up pretty badly.

We'll get back for a much closer look at Woodward in a moment. But first, a rundown on how *Silent Coup* reinterprets the events of Watergate.

Most Americans familiar with recent history will recall that the greatest political scandal of this century began shortly after midnight on June 17, 1972, when burglars were caught inside the Democratic National Committee's headquarters in the Watergate building in Washington, D.C. Why were they there, and who sent them? The Woodward-Bernstein version has it that former Attorney General John Mitchell, who was running Nixon's reelection campaign, dispatched the bungling burglars to dig up dirt that could be used against Larry O'Brien, chair of the D.N.C.

Silent Coup *offers evidence that the Watergate burglars were sent by none other than John Dean.*

Then came the cover-up, an effort to steer the cops and Congress away from the White House's ties to the burglary. The Woodward-Bernstein version argues that the cover-up was to protect President Nixon.

In the Woodward-Bernstein history of Watergate, two antiheroes of a sort emerge: John Dean, the young White House counsel with the eyeglasses and slicked-down hair and oh-so-candid voice, is portrayed as a whistleblower; and Gen. Alexander Haig, Nixon's last Chief of Staff, is portrayed as the patriot with the firm hand who kept the Nixon Administration from winding up on the shoals after Nixon lost his grip.

But according to the findings of Colodny, a private investigator, and Gettlin, who was a national reporter in the Newhouse Newspapers Washington Bureau—who have been working on this investigation for seven years and have interviewed most of the principals in the Watergate affair; waded through the complete Oval Office logs of the Nixon presidency and many documents from the Senate Watergate Committee, the National Archives, the F.B.I. Archives, etc.; and along the way uncovered secret documents relating to Watergate that have never been made public before—the Woodward-Bernstein version of Watergate history is dead wrong on all points. *Silent Coup* offers strong evidence that the guy who sent the burglars into the D.N.C. offices on their last and fatal visit was none other than the "whistleblower" John Dean, not Mitchell, and that the reason Dean sent them was not to get dirt on Larry O'Brien but to find and confiscate a little black book containing the names of prostitutes who had romped with D.N.C. employees.

The implication is that Dean was trying to protect someone. Which "someone"? Well, we are told that the madam of the call-girl ring servicing the D.N.C. was the close friend and sometime roommate of Maureen Biner. Ms. Biner was then Dean's girlfriend and would later become his wife.

Coincidentally, when Washington police arrested a young lawyer-pimp involved in the call-girl ring, they seized an address book. Now we learn that among the many names in the book was Mo Biner's, as well as her code name, "Clout." *Silent Coup* details the crafty way Dean went about getting a copy of that book, while keeping its existence a secret from the press.

When the Watergate burglars were caught, Dean's sole effort thereafter, according to *Silent Coup*, was to cover up his part in sending them in, and the reason for sending them in. To protect himself, he was willing to throw suspicion on everybody else, and thus he became the chief stool pigeon in the Senate's Watergate investigation, posing as the naïve yuppie who had been misled by sly old dogs like John Mitchell.

If there is a villain in *Silent Coup* equal in treachery to John Dean, it is Alexander Haig. To understand his villainy, Colodny and Gettlin ask you to go back to 1970-71, when the Pentagon had a spy ring inside the White House.

The reason for the spy ring, they say, was to keep Adm. Thomas Moorer, the right-wing Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, informed about the secret plans Nixon and Henry Kissinger had for end-

Robert Sherrill has reported extensively on Watergate and followed the development of Silent Coup *for several years in casual conversations with the authors.*

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ing the war in Vietnam and for improving relations with Communist China and the Soviet Union. To Admiral Moorer and other hard-liners at the Pentagon, this back-channel search for peace was treasonous. So the Pentagon conspirators—believing, as Colodny and Gettlin put it, that "the president of the United States was out of control"—planted a spy, Navy Yeoman Charles Edward Radford, on the J.C.S.'s liaison team with the National Security Council, Kissinger's domain. Following orders, Radford stole all the top-secret information he could from Kissinger's desk and briefcase and elsewhere.

What was the ultimate purpose in Radford's project? Colodny and Gettlin, in their interview with Radford, led up to that question and got a stunning answer. "Well," he said, "bringing Nixon down. Really, getting rid of Kissinger—Kissinger was a real monkey wrench in things," those "things" being the conduct of the cold war. The existence of the spy ring was finally discovered by the press and by Nixon, but not its full dimensions and not the sinister purpose behind its activities. Those would continue to be covered up until the publication of *Silent Coup*.

Bear in mind that while General Haig was ostensibly Kissinger's assistant at the N.S.C., he could more accurately be described as the J.C.S.'s man inside the White House. Eventually, after Bob Haldeman's disgraced exit as Nixon's Chief of Staff, Haig moved into that job and held it from May 1973 until Nixon resigned. Colodny and Gettlin pile up evidence that Haig as Chief of Staff had two goals: (1) to continue to cover up the real purpose of the military spy ring that had existed in the White House and (2) to, as Radford put it, "bring Nixon down" by giving him faulty information, steering him in the wrong direction for his defense and urging him to do things that made him look guiltier. They argue that Haig not only directed Woodward to the infamous eighteen-and-a-half-minute tape erasure but that it is possible that *Haig himself did the erasing*.

(No, no, Colodny and Gettlin are not Nixon apologists. They believe Nixon was guilty of collusion in the cover-up, but not to the degree that Woodward-Bernstein have insisted. *Silent Coup* makes Nixon out to be more of an unstable sucker and a patsy than a crook.)

So now we come back to Woodward. One of the most puzzling questions of modern journalism is, How did Bob Woodward come up with that all-seeing, all-knowing, insider source of information that he introduced to the world as Deep Throat? How did Woodward manage to make that connection? Why would a source like Deep Throat want to unload his powerful ammunition through somebody like Woodward, who was at that time a mere rookie at *The Washington Post*? His only previous newspaper experience had been on a suburban Maryland weekly. And before that he had been a Navy lieutenant with—or so he claimed—one of the dullest jobs in the Navy.

General Haig may have been the main source around which Woodward and Bernstein built their exposé.

Ah, but there—in the phrase "so he claimed"—is the key to it all. Colodny and Gettlin found, in some of the best investigative work they did, that Woodward's background, from high school through Yale through the Navy and through his earliest journalism work, was often far different from what he claimed. They checked with his first wife, with his father, with his former schoolmates and professors, with his former Navy associates and with his first publisher—and found what the authors call an elaborate shroud of fuzzy and often misleading data that Woodward wrapped himself in, apparently to discourage scrutiny.

Colodny and Gettlin point out, for example, that Woodward came from a Republican home. His high school commencement speech was an adaptation of remarks from Barry Goldwater's *The Conscience of a Conservative*. But then, they continue, "in the carefully constructed version of his own life that he gave to interviewers, Woodward recalled a sea change while at Yale." He told Leonard Downie Jr. for *The New Muckrakers* and David Halberstam for *The Powers That Be* that when he became aware of how wrong the Vietnam War was, he had a "crisis." But Kathleen Middlekauff Woodward, who had known Bob since high school days and often visited him at Yale (she became his first wife), told Colodny and Gettlin that she didn't notice any big change in her lover's attitude toward the war or any other topic. "He still remained very conservative," she told them, and he often scolded her for becoming involved with the radical Students for a Democratic Society. Colodny and Gettlin note that Woodward was tapped for membership in the very establishment Book and Snake, one of Yale's top four secret societies.

On to the Navy. Woodward owed the Navy only four years' active service. He stayed for five. According to Woodward, it was red tape that kept him in place that extra year, but Woodward's father told Colodny and Gettlin that his son volunteered to stay because he was excited about the assignment, which was to be "in the basement of the White House," at least part of the time.

In several interviews Woodward said he was "miserable" in the Navy because his job was merely directing men who handled communications traffic and was "awful and boring . . . strictly nuts and bolts." But in fact, our authors discovered, he was an important intelligence officer: a "briefer," a member of that very close-knit fraternity that deals in the top secrets of government and whose job is to brief the highest military and intelligence officers on the latest policy decisions, global dangers, inter- and intragovernmental feuds, bureaucratic adventures, backstabbings and voodoo rites.

(Once out of that service, the briefers keep in touch as an old-boy network that includes such worthies as Dr. William Bader of the Stanford Research Institute, Senator Richard Lugar of Indiana and Adm. Bobby Ray Inman, former Deputy Director of the C.I.A. It was through this network, said Dr. Bader, that he learned Woodward was "one of us.")

One of the big shots Woodward regularly briefed was Admiral Moorer. Another, Colodny and Gettlin discovered, was General Haig. For two years (1969 and 1970), "after briefing Moorer at nine in the morning . . . Woodward would often travel to the West Basement offices of the White House, carrying documents from Moorer, and would then deliver these and brief Alexander Haig about the same matters he had earlier conveyed to Moorer."

When Colodny and Gettlin interviewed Woodward for this book, he claimed that he had never met or talked to Haig until "some time in the spring of 1973"—three years after leaving the Navy and a year after the Watergate scandal started breaking. Further, he vehemently denied that he had ever been a briefer: "I wasn't," he said. "It never happened. I'm looking you

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in the eye. You have got bad sources." He went further: "I defy you to produce someone who says I did a briefing." Colodny and Gettlin produced several somebodies. Admiral Moorer said Woodward was one of his briefers and "sure, of course," he also briefed Haig. Former Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird told Colodny and Gettlin, "Yes, I was aware that Haig was being briefed by Woodward," and Jerry Friedheim, who used to be Laird's aide, agreed. Roger Morris, who was a member of Kissinger's N.S.C. staff until resigning to protest the Cambodia bombing (and who later became the pre-eminent biographer of pre-Watergate Nixon), contends that Woodward "knew Al Haig well, and had been back and forth in the West Basement in those early days."

All of which makes Colodny and Gettlin understandably suspicious. "Woodward seems to cover his past associations with shadows in order to conceal strong, ongoing connections to the military hierarchy, and to protect people in that hierarchy who are or have been his journalistic sources," they write.

If their suspicions are correct, it's no wonder that General Haig comes out as something of a hero in the Woodward-Bernstein accounts of Watergate, for that must mean that he was, as many have suspected, the main source of the leaks—some of them inaccurate and self-serving—around which Woodward and Bernstein built their famous exposé.

Does *Silent Coup* deserve to be taken seriously, or should it be considered "a lunatic piece of work" (Carl Bernstein) and "absolute garbage" (John Dean) and "bogus" (Haig)?

Los Angeles Times correspondent Robert Scheer, one of the best journalists in the business, says, "There is just too much troubling documentation for this book to be dismissed out of hand as some critics have done. . . . And the list of those interviewed, including Woodward himself, is truly impressive."

Herbert Parmet, the City University of New York's distinguished history professor and a Nixon scholar, says that *Silent Coup*'s "conclusions bring us as close to what actually happened as we are likely to get for some time."

Roger Morris was so convinced of the book's value that he wrote (without payment) its foreword, in which he describes *Silent Coup* as "the excavation of some vital hidden history." He turned up at the press conference launching the book to lay his reputation on the line with an endorsement: "I'm here because I believe in the extraordinary importance of this book. . . . I'm here too as a historian because the research and documentation underlying *Silent Coup* is so very impressive." He cried shame on the journalists and historians who, out of laziness, are content to stick with the fallacies in the original version of what happened ("fiction," he calls it).

If Scheer's and Parmet's and Morris's appraisals catch on generally, it will be dangerous and costly to a lot of powerful people and institutions. For one thing, we can expect to hear air escaping from *The Washington Post*, which has been increasingly inflated with arrogance since it crowned itself King of the Watergate Exposé.

The press has begun to sound suspicious, sometimes even contemptuous, of Woodward.

And if it were generally felt that Woodward could not be trusted in what he wrote about Watergate, or that he has lied about his background, his credentials would be knocked into a cocked hat. If he was untrustworthy about that, why should we believe what he (and Scott Armstrong) wrote about the Supreme Court (*The Brethren*)? Or what he wrote about John Belushi (*Wired: The Short Life and Fast Times of John Belushi*)? Or what he wrote about Director of Central Intelligence William Casey (*Veil: The Secret Wars of the C.I.A. 1981–1987*)? Or what he wrote recently about the men who decided to go to war in the Persian Gulf (*The Commanders*)?

Pride isn't the only thing at risk here. Millions of bucks are also at risk. That's the kind of money Woodward can demand and that his publisher, Simon and Schuster, can make from his books (S&S has published all of them).

So the establishment struck back. The day after *Silent Coup* was published, *The Washington Post*'s media critic, Howard Kurtz, quoted Admiral Moorer as saying his confirmation of the Haig-Woodward connection in the book was "ridiculous" and a "flat lie," and claiming Colodny and Gettlin "never talked to me. . . . I never heard of them."

The Kurtz story was sent out to the newspapers that subscribed to the Washington Post Syndicate, and it was a devastating blow to the book's chances of getting reviewed elsewhere. It was also quite misleading and unfair. Kurtz failed to mention that at the New York press conference at which St. Martin's Press launched *Silent Coup*, transcripts of the taped interview with Moorer (and others confirming the Haig-Woodward connection) were distributed to reporters, including a reporter from the *Post* (Kurtz says he wasn't aware of the transcripts).

The Washington Times, the *Post*'s feeble competitor, promptly ran an accurate rebuttal, pointing out that "at least four of the persons or organizations quoted in the *Post* story either contradict comments attributed to them or say the *Post*'s quotes did not fully reflect their views." The *Times* also pointed out that when its reporters confronted Admiral Moorer with transcripts of the tapes, he admitted that his disclaimer to the *Post* was false. To this day the *Post* has not mentioned the taped interviews or corrected its story.

CBS's *60 Minutes* crew spent three days going through the Colodny-Gettlin files and two days taping the authors, but then canceled a segment based on *Silent Coup*, even though Mike Wallace, the show's anchor, admitted that "a lot of it was very persuasive, very persuasive." Some believed the cancellation was the result of pressure from Katharine Graham, the *Post*'s primary owner, on her old friend Larry Tisch, top dog at CBS. It wasn't the first time she was suspected of pressuring the suppression of a book critical of the *Post*. Or did *Post* editor Ben Bradlee lean on his Hamptons playmate, Howard Stringer, who heads the CBS Broadcast Group?

Time paid $25,000 to excerpt *Silent Coup*, but then decided not to, explaining lamely that it was "a very interesting book but difficult to excerpt because its arguments are complex and tightly woven." Some believe that the real reason *Time* backed off was to keep staff members Carl Bernstein and Hays Gorey (co-author of Maureen Dean's Watergate memoir) from throwing a fit.

Meanwhile, *The New York Times Book Review* was about to do a favor for Simon and Schuster. A vicious review, discrediting Colodny and Gettlin, would not only help salvage the reputation of S&S author Woodward but would also help protect Stephen Ambrose, the third

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S&Ls, Big Banks and Other Triumphs of Capitalism

Robert Sherrill tells the sordid story of the looting decade. It's a feisty account that shows how the S&L crisis was created, how the taxpayers were betrayed by their elected officials and government regulators, who the chief scoundrels are and why the current bailout is a disaster. Most important, Sherrill warns that the Feds, in willful ignorance of the lessons of the S&L disaster, are moving rapidly toward further deregulation of the big banks—a move that could lead to even greater financial disaster. This issue's importance is intensified by today's headlines. *(November 19, 1990)*

Notes on Our Patriarchal State

Adapted from his speech "The State of the Union," Gore Vidal assesses the American political landscape, remarking on the fundamental similarity of the Republican and Democratic parties and the impossibility of establishing a third party, since to have one, two other parties must exist first. Vidal denounces the patriarchal ruling class and encourages those who resist domination of the many by the few. In closing, Vidal condemns the state of U.S. education and evokes the memory of American isolationist Henry Clay, suggesting that Clay's ideas may be of merit in our time. *(August 27/September 3, 1990)*

The American Neo-Nazi Movement Today

Elinor Langer's well-researched and chilling look at the growth of skinhead, neo-Nazi and white supremacist hate groups with direct ideological links to the original Nazi movement. Langer concludes that something deeply disturbing is indeed happening here—something every American should comprehend and confront. *(July 16/23, 1990)*

The Real Story of the Slaughter in Beijing

A year after the terrible tragedy of Tiananmen Square, Robin Munro reports the real story, as he witnessed it. Munro's tale is significantly different from that of the mainstream press; he tells of a massacre of workers and not students, one that took place on the approach roads to Beijing and not in its center square. Vital reading for any student of China and the U.S. media. *(June 11, 1990)*

How on Earth?—Strategies For a Habitable Planet

The Nation's special Earth Day 1990 issue features bold articles by Barry Commoner and Kirkpatrick Sale outlining down-to-earth technological and political strategies for preserving the planet. Commoner argues that government regulation has failed to persuade American corporations to clean up their act, and Sale argues that Earth Day 1990 commemorated the problem, not the solution. "To succeed," according to the issue's lead editorial, "environmental politics needs a movement." The solutions offered here are radical, but so is the problem. *(April 30, 1990)*

'Fetal Rights'—A New Assault on Feminism

Katha Pollitt focuses on the anti-choice forces' new strategy: persecuting women who carry or give birth to drug dependent or alcoholic children. Pollitt tells how mothers are being portrayed as "the major threat to unborn babies." Already in wide demand for college textbooks and academic courses in many disciplines. *(March 26, 1990)*

Women Artists, 1970-1985

Nation art critic Arthur C. Danto looks back on the breakthrough decade of the 1970s, when women "did not so much enter the mainstream as redefine it." Using a Philadelphia museum exhibit as a springboard, Danto argues that the pluralistic focus and economic realities of the 1970s opened the art world to women in revolutionary ways. Finally, Danto describes how the movement of women into the art establishment shattered critical preconceptions as much as it reinterpreted subject matter, laying the groundwork for the postmodern feminist art of the 1980s. *(December 25, 1989)*

Defending the Rain Forest and Its People

Alexander Cockburn and Susanna Hecht's powerful account of the destruction of the Amazon rain forests and the efforts to save them. Also, an inspirational interview with one of the most visible and vocal—and threatened—leaders of the Rubber Tappers Union, Osmarino Amancio Rodríguez. This issue includes Alice Walker's essay "What Can the White Man . . . Say to the Black Woman?" *(May 22, 1989)*

The Armenian Journal of Michael Arlen

Travel through earthquake-torn Armenia with Michael Arlen, author of *Passage to Ararat*. Meet the people of Yerevan, Leninakan, Spitak. See and hear their suffering and hope as they struggle to regain their history and forge their future. Compassionate and rich in detail. *(April 24, 1989)*

Scapegoating the Black Family

Guest-edited and written by African-American women, this important *Nation* issue debunks the myths and exposes the reality of the black family. Margaret B. Wilkerson, Jewell Handy Gresham, Faye Wattleton and others. With a final appeal/challenge to America by speaker, activist and author Ossie Davis. This issue has received widespread attention in academic circles and was nominated for a National Magazine Award. *(July 24/31, 1989)*

The Lords of the Global Village

Mergers and takeovers are transforming the information business, creating companies worth billions of dollars and concentrating power and ownership in the hands of a few. Ben H. Bagdikian, author of *The Media Monopoly*, examines the growth of these giant communication combines, and profiles such media barons as Rupert Murdoch and Robert Maxwell. This special issue is essential to all students of the media, in or out of the classroom. *(June 12, 1989)*

Contradictions of Cocaine Capitalism

Jefferson Morley's investigation of the "drug crisis" reveals the historical de facto partnership between supposed government drug enforcers and their big-time dealer prey. In addition, this issue features E. L. Doctorow's 1989 Brandeis University commencement speech, " 'A Gangsterdom of the Spirit.' " In this address, Doctorow traces the distortion of the, American dream into the grotesque vision that culminated in the policies of Ronald Reagan. The speech gained added importance when its publication was seemingly suppressed by Brandeis officials. *(October 2, 1989)*

Students on the Move

An invigorating look at today's college activism. Contributors include students involved in the nationwide struggle for racial and sexual equality and divestment, and the growth of a new counterculture. With an essay by Alexander Cockburn. *(March 26, 1988)*

Remembering Carey McWilliams

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volume of whose Nixon biography, about to be published by Simon and Schuster, was in danger of seeming outdated before it even reached the stores (and, though of only minor importance, it also might protect the Hays Gorey–Maureen Dean memoir, also published by S&S, from seeming even more worthless than it is).

So whom did the *Times Book Review* select to review *Silent Coup*? None other than Professor Stephen Ambrose. He delivered a review of singular nastiness, full of inaccuracies. But what he didn't reveal in his review was that a year before *Silent Coup* was published, he had written Colodny at the suggestion of "Bob Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, and others," offering to trade "findings and conclusions." When Colodny refused, Ambrose phoned him and, according to Colodny's notes on the conversation, said, in what could have been taken as a threat, that "a historian like himself could make or break this type of book." When evidence of Ambrose's conflict of interest was presented to the *Times*, it was forced to issue an apology, saying on July 7, "If the editors had known of Mr. Ambrose's letter and Mr. Colodny's response, the book would have been assigned to a different reviewer." But of course this apology did nothing to lessen the damage of the review.

The whole episode was so embarrassing to the *Times* that when the *New York Post* got hold of a letter protesting the Ambrose review from St. Martin's editor George Witte to *Review* editor Rebecca Sinkler, one of the top editors at the *Review* became so hysterically furious as to call St. Martin's and tell them not to bother to send any more of their catalogues—in effect putting the publishing house on the *Times*'s hit list. Tom McCormack, chair of St. Martin's, took the threat seriously enough that he called from London, where he was buying titles, to try to work things out with the *Review*. (That account comes from Colodny; frightened flacks at St. Martin's deny the story.)

We will have to wait to see what influence *Silent Coup* has on other Nixon historians besides Morris and Parmet. But the book's effect on Woodward is bound to be felt almost at once.

The press, normally so defensive of one of its heroes, has begun to sound suspicious, sometimes even contemptuous, of Woodward. Many are tired of his quest for what he calls "holy shit" stories. Many remember that he was one of the *Post* editors who didn't press Janet Cooke for the sources (she had none) for "Jimmy's World," the hoax that won (and lost) a Pulitzer Prize in 1981.

But mainly his reputation is getting kicked around because he seemingly considers himself too important to be held to the basic rules of historical writing. His books are stunningly free of footnotes and sources. He seems to feel no need for proof. At first his reputation, born of Watergate, let him get away with it. No more.

The dike began to burst and the criticism to flood through when Woodward wrote his book about the C.I.A., in which he claimed that he had somehow sneaked into Director Casey's hospital room and received a deathbed confession that Casey had been involved in the Iran/*contra* illegalities. Did Woodward have the confession on tape? No. Did he have witnesses? No. Readers just had to take his word for the unlikely episode. Many didn't. Hoots and jeers were heard from all corners of the press.

Then came *The Commanders*, Woodward's account of how the decision was made to go to war in the gulf. It triggered a new wave of taunts about his research technique. James Atlas, writing in *The New York Times Magazine*, wondered if Woodward made things up: "Are his 'quotations' actual quotations, or Woodward's version of what people told him others said?" And to Anthony Lewis's recommendation that *The Commanders* has "the ring of authority," Atlas responded, "But is it true?"

Suddenly we are on a more dramatic plateau of skepticism, and the reaction to *Silent Coup* may keep us there. Doug Ireland, media critic for *The Village Voice*, puts Atlas's query even more harshly. Reviewing *Silent Coup*, he opened with the question: "Is Bob Woodward a liar?" When a reporter's peers begin asking that question publicly, even if he is the most famous reporter in the country, he is in real trouble. □

Memory's Citizen

JESSICA GREENBAUM

ROSE. *By Li-Young Lee. BOA Editions Limited. 71 pp. Paper $8.*

THE CITY IN WHICH I LOVE YOU. *By Li-Young Lee. BOA Editions Limited. 90 pp. $18. Paper $9.*

Sometimes poets seem like the orators at Speakers' Corner—I can see them now, stacking their well-built stanzas like orange crates, stepping to the top with a deep breath and saying what they have to say. Readers, meanwhile, mill about the edges of the literary park, hoping to be caught by a poet's music or gossip, by the telescopic insinuation of worlds or by the expansive description of them. Sometimes a poet's voice distinguishes itself by carrying authority and by addressing a singular authority. That has been my experience reading Li-Young Lee's poems.

Lee's first book, *Rose* (1986), opens with "Epistle," his letter to the world, as Dickinson called her poems. It ends:

> Before it all gets wiped away, let me say,
> there is wisdom in the slender hour
> which arrives between two shadows.
>
> It is not heavenly and it is not sweet.
> It is accompanied by steady human
> weeping,
> and twin furrows between the brows,
> but it is what I know,
> and so am able to tell.

Some of the biographical background for this solemn introduction is well known by now. Both Lee's books carry biographical notes (a whole page in *The City in Which I Love You*) and his interview in Bill Moyers's WNET series *The Power of the Word* supplied more. Lee was born in 1957, to Chinese parents then living in Jakarta, Indonesia. His father had been Mao's personal physician and then professor of English and philosophy at Gamaliel University in Jakarta. The senior Lee ended up a political prisoner under Indonesia President Sukarno and spent two years in prison before escaping and fleeing the country. A nearly five-year trek through Hong Kong, Macao and Japan led the family to the United States, where Lee's father, "the critical 'myth' " of Lee's work, became a "Presbyterian minister in a tiny western Pennsylvanian town, full of rage and mystery and pity, blind and silent at the end." Lee's father died in 1980.

The above quotations are from Gerald Stern's introduction to *Rose*. In the late

Jessica Greenbaum, who has won the Discovery-Nation *poetry prize and PEN's New Writer award, is an editor at* Choice Magazine Listening, *a free literary periodical-on-tape for the blind and disabled.*

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1970s, Stern was Lee's mentor at the University of Pittsburgh, and Stern's preface to *Rose*—his introduction of Lee to the literary world—still stands as the most valuable prose about Lee's work. The plain-spokenness of Lee's poems is coupled with a fearlessness of direction which Stern calls "a willingness to let the sublime enter his field of concentration." This "willingness," paired with Lee's unorthodox imagery, makes a powerful team. In *Rose* we hear this brave combo in the last stanza of "Dreaming of Hair":

> Sometimes my love is melancholy
> and I hold her head in my hands.
> Sometimes I recall our hair grows
> after death.
> Then, I must grab handfuls
> of her hair, and, I tell you, there
> are apples, walnuts, ships sailing,
> ships docking, and men
> taking off their boots, their hearts
> breaking,
> not knowing
> what they love more, the water, or
> their women's hair, sprouting from
> the head, rushing toward the feet.

Lee's task seems sometimes to remember the life of his father *for* him, to plot the moving figure, the migrant political prisoner whose character kept evolving when the mad dash was over. We often get the sense that Lee feels only one step ahead of the oblivion of inarticulateness (and always a few steps behind his father). Unlike the picture one gets of other poets—Ashbery, for instance, who comes to mind (regardless of his incalculable labors) as being in repose or absently surveying a garden—Lee comes across as a man bent over a drafting table, erasing, rewriting, sweating more than he wishes. In *Rose*'s poem "Mnemonic" he says:

> A serious man who devised complex
> systems of numbers and rhymes
> to aid him in remembering, a man who
> forgot nothing, my father
> would be ashamed of me.
> Not because I'm forgetful,
> but because there is no order
> to my memory, a heap
> of details, uncatalogued, illogical.

Rose announces Lee's obsessions but also bears the innate triumph of ordering language. In the poem "Persimmons" Lee takes revenge on the teacher who humiliated him for confusing the fruit's name with the word "precision." And who is more precise than the poet, writing about persimmons that a blind father painted from precise memory? In the poem, the father, when handed his own scroll-painting of persimmons, says:

> *Oh the feel of the wolftail on the silk,*
> *the strength, the tense*
> *precision in the wrist.*
> *I painted them hundreds of times*
> *eyes closed. These I painted blind.*
> *Some things never leave a person:*
> *scent of the hair of the one you love,*
> *the texture of persimmons*
> *in your palm, the ripe weight.*

Rose won the Delmore Schwartz Memorial Poetry Award from New York University and, like its title, offers the reader a complicated, beautiful, burdened, opening blossom. *The City in Which I Love You*, published four years later, was the Lamont Poetry Selection for 1990. In *The City*, dreaminess and the urgency of ordering memory still seem braided; dream, or the travel between the dead and the living, between truth and the imagination, and between refugee status and citizenship, seems, in fact, to be the vehicle for ordering memory. Blind feeling, or feeling memorized onto the soul, as with the father's painting of persimmons, is still the way to the truthful depiction of life's experiences.

The long opening poem of the volume, "Furious Versions," gives the impression of the poet floating, like a Chagall figure,

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Linda Simon

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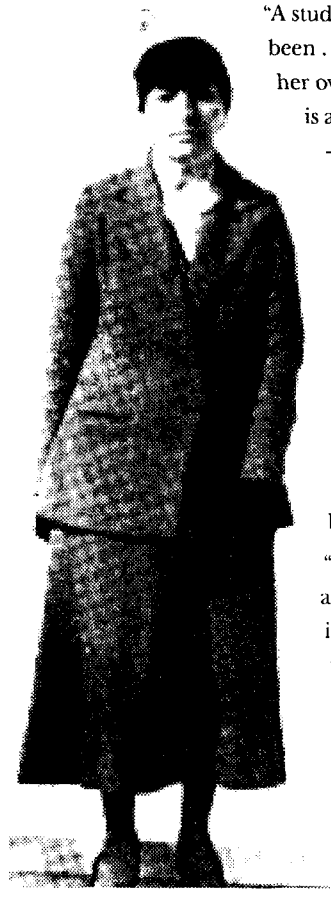

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through the lives of his family, scouting for their stories through a kind of relaxed levitation in liquid time. The poet observes the world's images metamorphosing, like a lava lamp, and tries to metamorphose with them. Aside from the first line's awkward verb—"These days I waken in the used light"—the poem generally feels effortless and effervescent.

Or I might have one more
hour of sleep before my father
comes to take me
to his snowbound church
where I dust the pews and he sets
candles
out the color of teeth.
. . .
And I wonder
if I imagined those wintry mornings
in a dim nave, since
I'm the only one
who's lived to tell it,
and I confuse
the details; was it my father's skin
which shone like teeth?
Was it his heart that lay snowbound?
But if I waken to a jailer
. . .
what name do I answer to?

There's a fabulous passage in part 5 of the poem, an image that another, more opportunistic poet might have used to wrest an entire poem:

Once, while I walked
with my father, a man
reached out, touched his arm, said,
Kuo Yuan?
The way he stared and spoke my
father's name
I thought he meant to ask, *Are you a dream?*
Here was the sadness of ten thousand
miles,
of an abandoned house in Nan Jing,
where my father helped a blind man
wash his wife's newly dead body,
then bury it, while bombs
fell, and trees raised
charred arms and burned.
Here was a man who remembered
the sound of another's footfalls
so well as to call to him
after twenty years
on a sidewalk in America.

Once the imagination is receptive, Lee might be saying, you can find anyone.

Perhaps one of his "simpler" poems, but one whose concept and execution I still find wonderful, "This Room and Everything in It," describes another "mnemonic," another formula for memory, as taught by the speaker's father:

I am letting this room
and everything in it
stand for my ideas about love
and its difficulties.

I'll let your love-cries,
those spacious notes
of a moment ago,
stand for distance. . . .
. . .
and so on, each thing
standing for a separate idea,
and those ideas forming the
constellation
of my greater idea.
And one day, when I need
to tell myself something intelligent
about love,

I'll close my eyes
and recall this room and everything
in it.

The room is one architecture for memory, the stanza another.

Lee has been compared to Whitman; in fact, Judith Kitchen, writing in *The Georgia Review*, has said Lee may sound *too* much like him. The father-of-us-all does stride through the book's last and most challenging poem, "The Cleaving" (which, for all the hoopla, including a Pushcart Prize, doesn't swoop me up). The poem's speaker finds himself—while ordering roast duck at the Chinese grocery—in an epiphanic moment. His relationship to the butcher, to food, to the machinery of the body, and the interrelationship of all these elements, swirl about him and illuminate his relationship to his own soul and the soul of others. A string of images about lovemaking begins, "The noise the body makes/when the body meets/the soul over the soul's ocean and penumbra," and ends, "an engine crossing,/re-crossing salt water, hauling/immigrants and the junk/of the poor." And so the poet gives us something else to remember. □

How-To: A Love Story

RICHARD LINGEMAN

"How-To Book on Suicide Surges to Top of Best-Seller List in Week"
—*The New York Times*

Say hi to Madge and Donald. They don't know each other yet, but they will, since this is a love story. As New Yorkers they experience all the tensions of urban life, and like everyone else in their age and income bracket, they feel they aren't Realizing Their Inner Potential.

Madge decided that her problem was that she was too self-effacing. So she bought a self-help book: Dr. G. Alvaro de la Blanc's best-selling *Blow Your Own Horn: A Guide to Self-Assertiveness*. She had a soft little voice: Dr. de la Blanc taught her to speak resonantly from her diaphragm. He exhorted her to be a Triple-A Person: Aggressive, Assertive and Annoying. This book worked so well that she mustered the courage to tell off her boss, who had treated her like a piece of furniture.

While job hunting, she began reading Dr. Wolf Krauthammer's *Howl for Happiness*. Dr. Krauthammer taught that the birth trauma has made us all neurotic and that we must be reborn. Madge followed Dr. Krauthammer's exercises, lying naked on a blanket and screaming at the top of her lungs (the "Primal Howl"). This enabled her to get in touch with her true feelings of outrage at leaving a nice cozy womb. After a few days her neighbors called the police.

After finding a new apartment, she decided to improve her human relations skills and purchased the latest best seller by Dr. Leo Bruschetta, Ph.D. M.B.A., P.C., *Loving Everybody*, which taught her that life was like Mama's spaghetti sauce—"a littla this, a littla that"—and that if the world could only be like a big warm loving Italian family there would be no more wars. But when she went hunting for a job in her specialty, personnel, nobody would hire her because they thought she was too nice.

So she purchased Dr. Erwin Kreplach's *You're No. 1! You're No. 1!*, which was Number 5 on the *New York Times* best-seller list that week. Dr. Kreplach taught her that feeling sorry for other people was actually egotism. Giving a homeless person a quarter, for example, was playing God with their lives. As Dr. Kreplach wrote, "Who are we to say whether they should live or die?" This philosophy made her comfortable with the idea of firing people. How did she know that somebody shouldn't be out on the streets? Who was she—God?

Such sentiments made it easy to get a job in personnel. Madge was immediately hired by a large, downsizing corporation to fire 200 people. She succeeded so well that her job was eliminated.

Madge spent a lot of time feeling sorry for herself. She went on junk-food binges and gained twenty-five pounds. She be-

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gan to feel unhappy with her self-image until she read Robert Sorghum's *All I Want to Be Is What I Was in Kindergarten*, which said that there is a fat child in all of us crying to get out, so go for it. She felt good about herself again, but then she read in Jane Body's *Cholesterol Countdown* that with her cholesterol count she had a life expectancy of 35.6 years. She immediately went out and bought all the latest diet books: *The Carrot Diet*, *The Baguette and Perrier Diet*, *The Westchester County Diet* and *The Bangladesh Diet.*

Meanwhile, Donald was spinning his wheels in a junior executive slot at a large corporation. At the age of 28 he looked in his mirror and saw a failure staring back at him.

So he bought Mike Cordova's best-selling *Power! Success! Money! How to Get Them!! How to Flaunt Them!!!* Under Cordova's tutelage, Donald learned where to buy designer power suits wholesale and how to fire your best friend and where to take power vacations. He memorized the rules on How to Maneuver Your Way to the Top. But just as his scheme to elevate himself to a second vice presidency was about to bear fruit, his chief rival cut him out, using a technique he'd learned in Cordova's latest book, *Cutting Out the Other Guy: A Guide to Corporate Infighting*.

Donald resigned. Having inherited some money, he determined to go into business for himself and chose real estate. He read *Winning Through Bullying* by Rob Ringworm; *Buying Country Property Could Be the Smartest Investment You Ever Made* by David Harum; and *The Art of Bankruptcy* by Donald Slump. But the bottom fell out of the real estate market, and he lost a bundle.

To recoup, he went into the stock market, reading *How to Make a Fortune in Junk Bonds* by Michael Milkit and *The Art of Leveraging* by Ivan Trump. But the junk-bond market collapsed and Donald was indicted in an S&L scandal. He spent six months in a federal prison applying *Different Strokes: How to Play Killer Tennis* by Vita Gastritis.

Spiritually awakened by his 100 hours of community service, Donald became interested in the teachings of Swami Ranjipur Assam, whose book *Horizontal Meditation* (HM) had persuaded thousands of overstressed American business executives to lie in bed and chant their personal mantras 2,700 times, while taking deep breaths.

He also became a health nut and prepared his meals according to the menus in *The Third World Chef* by Julio Chico, which provided 300 Ways to Cook Rice and Beans, and *The Kelp and Tofu Cookbook* by Sadako Okadata, which described some unspeakable messes. Inspired by Jim "Red" Foxx's *Run Away From a Heart Attack*, he ran twenty-five miles every day. For sex, he looked at Dr. Alex Lustgarden's *Who's on Top? A Pictorial Guide to Successful Sex.*

But none of this brought him happiness. One day, pushing a shopping cart full of books to the checkout counter at his local mall, he realized that he had become addicted to self-help books.

As though they were telepathically attuned, Madge had decided exactly the same thing. And both of them saw the same ad in the Personals Section of *The Village Voice*:

> Self-Help Addicts Anonymous Meets Every Thursday at 7 P.M. in Room 302 at the New School for Single Professionals.

The next Thursday both of them showed up. Madge got up and confessed that she went from diet to diet and panacea to panacea and nothing changed, although she had lost five pounds. Donald confessed he had followed so much conflicting advice that he no longer knew what to do and had become a compulsive meditator. The group leader recommended that they buy his book, *How to Kick the Self-Help Book Habit.*

After the meeting Donald asked Madge out for coffee. They talked for hours and discovered they had a lot in common. A month later, Madge moved in with Donald, and they spent their evenings holding hands and reading Sally Joyce Lurton's *Is There Sex After Marriage?*, which they vowed would be their last self-help book. Six months later they were married. They moved out of the city into one of the old houses Donald had purchased during his real estate phase and consulted *How to Fix Up an Old House* in restoring it. They agreed that country property was the smartest investment Donald had ever made.

After a year their marriage started falling apart, and one day Donald found stashed in Madge's closet a number of books on how to obtain a divorce. They went to a marriage counselor, whose appearance on the *Sally Jessy Raphael Show* had vaulted his book, *Marriage Takes Work*, to Number 4 on the *New York Times* best-seller list. He explained to them his Ten Ways to Work on Your Mar-

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riage and invited them to appear with him on the *Oprah Winfrey Show*. They did. Under Donald's face appeared the tag line "Transsexual Wife Abuser" and under Madge's, "Frigid Lesbian." When they complained later, the producer told them it was just a tease to hold the audience. They were so dull and ordinary that nobody would have watched otherwise.

Feeling used, they withdrew from counseling. One day Donald brought home *Self-Exit: The Ultimate Way to Peace of Mind*, which had broken all previous sales records for a suicide how-to book. It included a Quality of Life Quiz, which determined whether or not your life was worth living.

When Madge saw the book she looked at Donald, and he looked at her.

"Madge," said Donald quietly. "I think it's time."

"Yes, Donald," said Madge. "It's time."

And so they collected all their self-help books in a great pile in the backyard and burned them. All except *Self-Cremation: How to Save on Your Own Funeral*, that is. And then they lived happily ever after. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Rosemarie Trockel

There are certain respects in which there is a stronger affinity between Leonardo da Vinci and Marcel Duchamp than between them and their respective contemporaries. I like to think that Duchamp, who gave himself a female identity as Rrose Sélavy and had himself photographed in drag, acknowledged this affinity by drawing a mustache on the Mona Lisa, his predecessor's most celebrated image (which some scholars have argued is a self-portrait of the artist disguised as a woman), and by memorializing Leonardo's propensity for secret codes by adjoining the mysterious letters L.H.O.O.Q. to the wittily vandalized postcard. But what I have chiefly in mind is that each of them redefined artistic practice in such a way that the production of works of fine art, such as paintings, was only a subgenre of art making. Leonardo was clearly the stronger painter, but to define Leonardo's style as a visual thinker we have to find some position outside the paintings from which we can view them, the strange inventions, the visionary fortifications, the metaphysical speculations, the arcane inscriptions, the caricatures and the treatise on painting as a single corpus animated by a mind too restless to restrict its domain to mere picture-making. And it is this that connects Leonardo with Duchamp, whose *Nude Descending a Staircase* was an effort to represent motion more advanced than Leonardo's studies of rolling water and rearing horses and rushing clouds, and whose *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even* employs contrivances—a chocolate grinder, for example—as fantastic as any of Leonardo's mechanical imaginings. Duchamp's is a style of mind and spirit, of cognitive audacity, of witty transformation too protean to find satisfaction in pictorial representation. He liberated artists, as he would have said, from their addiction to the smell of paint, and showed them a practice as free from the traditional weight of the materials of the artist as poetry is. Indeed, he excluded almost completely from the appreciation of his art any reference to hand or eye. But with this withdrawal of touch and aesthetic delectation, he vested the objects of his art with the aura of enigma even when they were outwardly as ordinary as snow shovels and urinals. As with Leonardo, his achievement was the creation of mysteriousness, for which the Gioconda smile has been the standing metaphor.

Since Duchamp, it has been possible to be a visual artist without being a painter, a sculptor, a draftsman or even a photographer, or without displaying much by way of skill in the incidental employment of these crafts, as long as one has the right sort of transfigurative intelligence. His two greatest followers have been Andy Warhol and Joseph Beuys (there are even photographs of Warhol as a double transvestite—dressed up as a woman dressed up as a man, to prove his Duchampian affiliation). The genius of these two artists lay in their magical gifts, eliciting meanings of the deepest human sort from the most unprepossessing of objects—soup cans and Brillo boxes in the case of Warhol, fat and felt in the case of Beuys, who managed to fuse these substances with the whole desperate weight of our most basic needs. And both these were political artists in ways alien to Duchamp and to Leonardo. I once heard Meyer Schapiro lecture on Leonardo as a Renaissance man by drawing attention to things in which he had no interest whatever, politics being one. Leonardo famously advised artists to "flee before the storm," and Duchamp certainly lived as if in compliance with this imperative. But Warhol and Beuys, in their admittedly different ways, were concerned to alter political attitudes and even moral consciousness. For all its squalor, Warhol's Factory was an experiment in utopian living as much as was Brook Farm. And Beuys transformed the art school in which he was a professor into a prototype for a new society. Both used unpromising materials—grainy film, silk screen, dimestore photographs in Warhol's case, dirt and rust in that of Beuys. Warhol was perceived as a revolutionary in Europe, for whose market he obligingly and cannily painted a series of Hammer and Sickle studies in 1977. Beuys was perceived as a pretty scary figure in America, with his signature felt hat, open vest and the free-associational urgencies of his discourses—a figure out of Beckett. But it is only necessary to recall the large retrospective exhibitions of Duchamp and Warhol at the Museum of Modern Art, or of Beuys at the Guggenheim, to appreciate that we are dealing with a form of artistic creativity of an altogether different genre than that of Matisse or Motherwell or Pollock or de Kooning. These were aggregates of puzzling objects, often aesthetically repellent but always conceptually exalting. They were shows one had to think one's way through, one object at a time, but that touched feelings and aroused wonder in ways inaccessible to the more conventional modes of artistic expression.

Rosemarie Trockel is a young German conceptual artist who belongs in this descent, a third-generation Duchampian who occasionally makes an internal acknowledgment of this kinship. She is not especially a photographer, but photographs play a role in the heterogeneity of her work, each item of which seems to define a distinct and often novel genre. One of the photographs connects her endeavor with that of Duchamp in a way that requires some knowledge of the latter in order to grasp what is being gotten at. *Rose of Kasanlak* is a kind of political still life, in that it shows a perfume bottle with a modified hammer-and-sickle logo as label (the bottle would be familiar in Eastern Europe as containing a sort of attar known as "Rose of Kasanlak"). It is placed on a cloth decorated with the same logo, and the ensemble is shot with a sort of fashion-photograph glamorousness. The logo itself is modified: The hammer has been replaced with a rose. I suppose inscribing a rose in the

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familiar position of the hammer connects flower with power in some way, or at least it insinuates a feminine component in the dour and threatening emblem that has lost its power to intimidate and has become a sort of political trademark. Nietzsche wrote in his wild autobiography that it is necessary to philosophize with a hammer, and I suppose Trockel is showing how it is possible, through replacement, to philosophize with a flower. In any case, some sort of dialogue is being transacted through the altered logo, on the subject of radical politics and female power—but the deep references of the work connect it to art, and specifically to that of Duchamp. One of Duchamp's unforgettable works was a modified perfume bottle whose label reads, impishly, "Belle Haleine." This is a pun on "Belle Hélène," and quite untranslatable, since "Beautiful Breath" does not in English carry the sounds of "Beautiful Helen." (Duchamp was fond of puns of this sort: A window he had painted black is titled *Fresh Widow*, which is like saying "French Window" with a bad cold, but which in any case cannot be translated into French, not least of all because French windows are not called that in French.) Duchamp has reprinted on the label a photograph of himself as Rrose Sélavy, and it is perfectly clear that Trockel wants to take the opportunity of connecting Rose with Rrose and Rosemarie herself with Marcel himself, trumping his hammer with her flower. It is in any case a marvelously intricate image that looks, at first glance, like a fashion ad for a magazine designed for Communist ladies but that yields instead to a metaphor connecting male with female, art with politics, feminism with revolution. And as with Duchamp, it speaks with the spirit of play.

The *Rose of Kasanlak* image perhaps connects the two artists in a further way. The modified perfume bottle has been placed, as just described, on a folded cloth with a regular, all-over pattern of sickles and roses. If Duchamp is saluted with the former, Trockel is identified with the latter, for her best-known pieces are hangings with logos woven in. These, too, are invariably impish. *Made in Western Germany* is a particularly handsome hanging, possibly self-referential in that its logo, densely and regularly repeated, is "Made in Western Germany," in bluish-green thread against a dark green background. Usually, of course, stickers declaring "Made in USA" or "Made in Japan" are not part of the products whose provenance they specify, but this weaving makes such marginal information its central meaning: The product consists of the information regarding its country of origin. But there is clearly something absurd in an industrial product whose usefulness is confined to such information. (Trockel is not to be imagined sitting before her loom: She designs the woven-works and has them fabricated, which could not more vehemently exclude reference to the hand; a work by her called *Woven by Hand* would surely be self-falsifying.) One assumes it was produced in "Western Germany" for export to a country that hardly can have much use for it, especially since the "weavers" appear not to have full command of English—"Western Germany" sounds like "Northern Dakota." Or in fact it is exported not as an industrial product but as a work of art—I surmise from the catalogue information that it is in an American collection. It is in any case an image made of words, and as elegant as it is puzzling, as funny as it is serious, its handsomeness a means to communication rather than an object of aesthetic pleasure.

I enjoyed walking through Trockel's show at the University Art Museum in Berkeley with its co-curator, Sidra Stich, though I found myself frequently disagreeing with what I felt were Stich's somewhat heavy feminist readings of the work. For example, she is convinced that weaving is traditionally women's work, and that some reference to this is woven into such works as *Made in Western Germany*. A great many of Trockel's works are in fact woven and do in fact make sly feminist points, but their being the product of a loom does not seem to me especially to contribute to this. There is, for example, *Dress*, made in 1986, which indeed is a feminine garment by a female artist, and woven of pure wool. It proclaims its essence by employing as its sole ornament the familiar pure-wool logo, that triple loop manufacturers use to proclaim the truth of their products—a sort of schematized ball of yarn. This garment has in fact two pure-wool logos, each quite large, and placed precisely where the weaver's breasts would be, and an ambiguity of denotation gets immediately set up as to whether the logos refer to the cloth (why the two of them?) or to the female body under the garment. It is here, it seems to me, that the feminist text is to be located, rather than in the fact that women knit things more, as a general rule, than men do. The viewer, for different reasons depending upon wheth-

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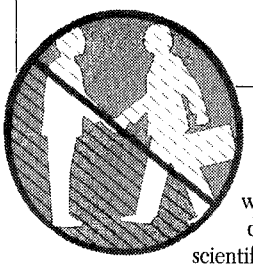

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er male or female, is made slightly uncomfortable by the awkwardly placed logos and at the same time is amused by the treacheries of placement. In a way, the pure-wool logo becomes a sort of metonymy of the female breast and hence of the way men think of women in Trockel's work. There is a woven-work of 1985/88 in which the pure-wool logo is repeated over and over in gold against red, making it seem a counterpart to *Made in Western Germany*, in that it appears to have made something marginal to the work itself its motif and raison d'être. Except that the pure-wool logo loses its purity here, for Trockel has had woven into the other half of the hanging the familiar bunny logo of the Playboy world—and there is a field of rabbits facing a field of schematized yarn-balls. The bunny logo sexualizes the wool one.

Sometimes the reference to breasts in Trockel's work is actually frightening. An untitled piece from 1988 uses a waxwork replica of a store mannequin, a bust of a woman with salient breasts and a pretty but vacant head. She is set onto a sort of platform with two flatirons, the plate of each pointed toward a breast. It becomes an immediate image of torture, and a horrifying one at that: The woman does not even have arms with which to fend off the menacing irons. And yet Trockel could have written under the vulnerable organs, in the manner of Magritte, *Ceci n'est pas un sein*—"This is not a breast." It is only the wax effigy of one. The wax would merely melt, and besides, these are only effigies of irons and they are in any case not plugged in. You can't torture a statue! And yet the mind cannot think the woman out of the mannequin any more than it can dissociate the balls of yarn from the breasts in *Dress*. One has to see this as a woman threatened rather than as a sort of still life with two flatirons and a mannequin. What we certainly cannot do is agree with the catalogue, which writes that "ironing, the stereotypical 'woman's work' of the laundress and the housewife, is here figured as an assault on the female body." This converts a deep and unsettling work into a flat ideological slogan. Trockel is too nimble a visual thinker, too subtle an artistic activist, to be trapped into banality: She *uses* banality to ascend to works that, even when their theme is Woman, are sparkling, allusive, subtle and multileveled. And at the same time each of her works has the power of a visual mystery. There is nothing wrong with art being political, only with political art having the single meaning of the political cartoon. One does not want to walk through an exhibition like this with a sort of curatorial lexicon in hand, nailing down symbols, viz., "weaving = woman's work," "ironing = drudgery, usually performed by females."

Consider, for example, an extraordinary work of 1986 that is a sort of glass display case—or perhaps an ornamental and reappropriated aquarium—on ele-

BLIND CATS

Loud Italian teen-age boys
cram the train to Brindisi,
their departing jeers and obscene
fingers and fists bobbing
at the strangers along the platform.
One yells for cigarettes and a pack
catapults over upreaching hands.
Another, his face fuzzy and scarred
by acne and a sickle moon
only something sharp can make
grins as a sandwich comes around, his turn
a furtive peck at first, then a bite
so big it is violent. Such libidinous
unease in their balanced sway
against the rocking train's momentum,
such candor in each leer, marks them
with an understanding of themselves
at once theatrical and private
as they gaze bluntly at the rushing
countryside and roam the crowded cars.
They gather into knots to light up
and murmur over a photograph
of Jim Morrison, his shirt unbuttoned
like theirs, the rock star fevering in their eyes,
lean as the lover who refuses to eat.

Annoyed by such zeal, how like you to break
our moment's locked ironic stare,
open your novel and begin reading
standing up, cornered in the narrow aisle
filled with half-naked boys
and me: a scene
comic and tense with colliding desires:
to be good-looking, genuinely cherubic
and demonic; or to be not American
or a tourist; to be joined
by the touch and lowered voice that says
we are lovers, watch us.

On Nissiros we will meet
after another day apart, each having wandered
the island with that meditative,
scattered mind of imminent break-up, and hesitating
you will tell me about finding two kittens
licking each other, their eyes
diseased and as useless
as the frail comfort they afford each other
huddled on the volcano's sulfurous lip.
How long did you watch them
before this unexpected privilege
granted you the clarity to see
the failure of our need, a secret
yearning to be tender in our helplessness?
How long did you hold back
before you looked at me
and said *Don't look at me like that*?

Joshua Weiner

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gantly curved legs. In it we see seven ladle-like objects, uniform in size, suspended from that sort of overhead rack one finds in professional kitchens: what the French call a *batterie de cuisine*. The spoon ends of the ladles are seashells cast in bronze, but are attached to the sort of prosaic handles that ladles usually have. In the lexicon just referred to, seashells are supposed to mean vulvas; and though nobody, having made this identification explicit, goes on in the catalogue to say that cooking is women's work, the bare sexual identification is pretty reductionist. In fact, the shells in question are conch shells, and could as easily symbolize the phallus as the vulva. Or, if we insist on sexual translations, the conch shell seems indissolubly male *and* female: The fact that we see them from underneath may mean that men have a certain female underside, just as Duchamp sought to bring out. This indeed is far closer, one feels, to this artist's general attitude toward the sexes. She has, for example, employed in one of her works an African fetish that is at once vulval and phallic, as if to underscore our common humanity as well as our sexual differences. (She has woven pluses up one side and minuses the other of a pair of unisex longjohns, a kind of comical emblem of the unity and oppositeness of the sexes.) But once more this leaves the visual impact of her work out of consideration. It has the mysterious inconsequence of something dreamt. It conveys a sort of visual silence, as of a secret hidden, and inasmuch as the hiddenness is the work, the approach is to feel rather than solve it.

The ladle work is called *Untitled*, but Trockel's titles, when she does bestow them, do not usefully resolve questions. They add, if anything, to the mystery. One work, for example, is called *Pennsylvania Station*. It is composed of an abstract stove, reminiscent of the nonfunctional, furniturelike confections of the American artist Richard Artschwager, alongside what looks to be the packing case in which it came. So the two pieces—or components—seem to be united by juxtaposition in some sort of container-contained relationship. But there is a third component, at the bottom of the packing case—a sort of charred and overcooked mermaid. The carbonized monster bears an uncanny resemblance to the screaming figure in Edvard Munch's celebrated image *The Scream*. Its mouth is open in a stifled cry, its hands are covering its ears. It is in some ways a frightening image and in some ways a comic one. After all, the idea of an overcooked mermaid raises the specter of culinary ineptitude in connection with a species it would not ordinarily occur to anyone to pop under the broiler. (Or should mermaids be poached?) Perhaps the mermaid, half-fish, half-human, is a symbol of our own bimorphic nature? Or is it all female, and martyrized by the kitchen stove—woman's work *noch ein Mal*? Whatever one offers by way of interpretation leaves unanswered what the various linked and warring meanings have to do with Pennsylvania Station.

New Yorkers, who got a taste of Trockel's work in one of the Museum of Modern Art's "Project" exhibitions, will, unfortunately, not get to see this show: After it closed on September 8 in Berkeley, it was to open at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago (September 28–November 10) and then at the Power Plant in Toronto (January 17–March 1, 1992). It is composed of seventy-five works, some more conceptually intricate than others but each penetrated with the same spirit of political comedy and artistic intelligence; few can be classified under traditional rubrics, nor do many resemble one another as objects. The style is one of cognitive and moral address, but each has to be worked out on its own terms, though of course there are some inner resemblances—woven-works, for example, and as a subgenre, what one might think of as garments of the sexual wars: the dress, the longjohns, but also some improbably long stockings, some two-necked sweaters for couples who look for an outward symbol of the tightness of their relationship. And then there are hoods of the kind familiar from newspaper photographs of terrorists, with openings for eyes but not for mouths—balaclavas into which Trockel has woven various logos: the swastika, the Playboy bunny, the plus-and-minus signs. Some of these are displayed as sets, as if you can wear them for various occasions of terrorism or of play. And then, in a category of its own, is the Painting Machine of 1990, which looks like a loom, perhaps, but in fact has fifty-six brushes, each made of a lock of hair from an identifiable artist (Cindy Sherman, Martin Kippenberger, Alex Katz, etc.). These are suspended at one end, and, when dipped into paint, make delicate calligraphic marks on pieces of paper pulled through the mechanism. The contrast is vivid between the fierce ironwork of the contrivance and the brushes, emblems of touch and sensitivity, and the locks of hair, connoting sentimentality but put to some artistic use. And finally there is a whiff of politicized absurdity in a machine's being put to the use of making art, in its own way, I suppose, a beating of swords into plowshares. Like everything, it dances with meaning.

What I most respond to in Trockel's work is the sense that she knows all about us—knows us at our smallest and at our worst—and somehow conveys the sense that we are forgiven. This combination would once have been thought of as a womanly virtue, when the Blessed Virgin was thought of as the paradigm woman, and it is certainly comforting to see it in our generally unforgiving era, and to reflect that there are still morally gifted individuals who embody it. Trockel is tough, at times as acidic as Duchamp, at times as frightening as Beuys. But she is also kinder to those she accuses—us—than either of them could possibly be. □

EXCHANGE

(*Continued From Page 394*)

guage he used to describe it did indeed reflect the breezy athletic imagery, involving kill zones and football fields, common to P.R. men for the merchants of death. Either Klare, Walker and Stambler, using identical language, were aping the same military-industrial source or this is the way they naturally think themselves, which is an absurd proposition. A good 90 percent of Klare's article most certainly was an awed account of the performance of high-tech arms, sandwiched by a couple of thinnish slabs of moral outrage. The factual matter between those slabs was mostly wrong.

Klare seems to be acknowledging this in his letter, which is a triple-decker slab of outrage about my all-around swinishness but which makes only one substantive point, namely that I incorrectly describe the BLU-82/B "Daisy Cutter" as "a giant bomb filled with conventional high explosives." Klare's problem here is that in his original article's section on fuel-air explosives he cited as "the most potent weapon of this type" the BLU-82/B "Daisy Cutter," which he described as "a 15,000-pound bomb filled with an aqueous mixture of ammonium nitrate, aluminum powder and polystyrene soap." But as anyone in the Pentagon would have told Klare if he called them up, the "Daisy Cutter" has nothing to do with fuel-air explosive. Klare did get the contents right from whatever source he was consulting (probably Walker and Stambler's May article, since they use the same words), but obviously he had no idea what they were. These are the ingredients for one form of high explosive of the conventional sort (thriftier than some World War II or Korean War high-explosive mixtures because the ammonium nitrate is cheap) and most definitely not for fuel-air explosive.

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Klare's second mistake here is to assume that fuel-air explosive mimes nuclear explosive, which it doesn't. As I noted, Klare didn't take the trouble to find out that though, like nukes, fuel-air bombs have long-duration pressure pulses, the pressure is low and if you are in a bunker or armored vehicle the pressure coming through the vision slits would be insufficient to collapse your lungs. His "nuclear replacement" theory doesn't hold up.

I praised the Iraqi troops for having the good sense and courage to desert in large numbers. Klare seems to prefer to think of them only as victims, killed in numbers that might have reached 100,000 dead and 300,000 wounded—a number he cites from a Pentagon statement.

I was, and indeed remain, cautious about those figures, just as I was, and remain, cautious about very high estimates of direct civilian victims of the bombing, which I put at 4,500. This was a figure suggested by my brother Patrick, who spent much of the war and many months thereafter in Iraq as a reporter for *The Independent*. Patrick said that questioning of Iraqi villagers in the postwar period plus visits to hospitals suggested that military casualties might be far lower than imagined, with the Iraqi troops blessedly saving themselves from the follies of their leader and the might of the foe by desertion or surrender. As I remarked in the original column, prisoners of war from two Republican Guard divisions reported 100 and 1,000 casualties respectively.

One of my problems with the articles by Klare, Walker and Stambler was that the emphasis on high-tech military equipment obscures what has been killing, is killing and will continue to kill Iraqi civilians, namely the embargo, imposed long before the war began and continuing to this day, and also the assault on Iraq's infrastructure. Like most other people I made mistakes in forecasting how the war might go, but at least I did correctly stress the reduction of Iraq to pre-industrial status, also the smashing of the water and sewage infrastructure, which I called germ warfare.

The embargo, as maintained by the Bush Administration long after Iraq has quit Kuwait (and recently given an enthusiastic endorsement by *The New York Times* in its September 11 editorial "Keep the Cuffs on Iraq"), is killing people every day, shortening life expectancies, increasing infant mortality, finishing off sick people because drugs aren't available, gnawing away at an entire people because Iraq cannot resume any sort of productive export economy. It is against this, and not military technology, that outrage and political protest might most effectively be concentrated. Time and again people tend to forget what deadly things economic embargoes are. Ask any Nicaraguan. After a while, just because they don't go off with a big bang that supposedly wipes out all life on six football fields, embargoes take on the color of normalcy and people forget their appalling consequences, or the criminality of those imposing them. *Alexander Cockburn*

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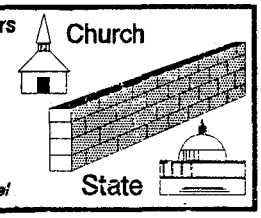

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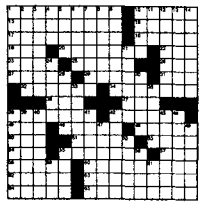

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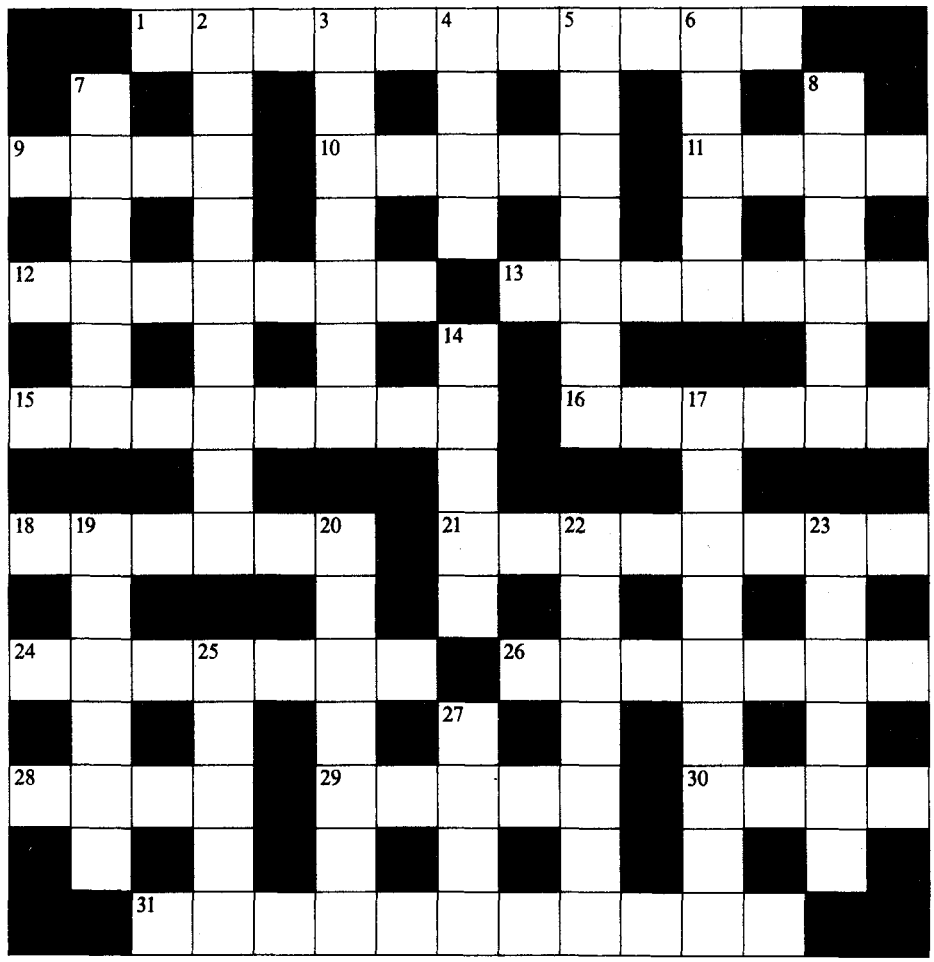

ACROSS

1 Does it show how heavy the beam is for one in the ring, possibly? (11)
9 and 10 What so-called cagers sometimes make would be an early meal, first to last. (4,5)
11 A wild night in France is one, for example. (4)
12 But on the contrary, now here, a sermon in part. (7)
13 The sleeping place ends up morally bad, as a way to throw things into confusion! (7)
15, 28 and 30 More than one rose, with a countryman and old-fashioned boyfriend getting things even. (8,8)
16 One who puts on fat where the food might be? (6)
18 Acts as an agent around the capital of Turkey, and acts maliciously, too. (6)
21 Swept the room of the Embassy, perhaps as it should be after the pest control service left. (8)
24 Many such nights proved entertaining. (7)
26 Pawn, commonly, is about sick of such a pile of earth. (7)
28 See 15
29 See 19 down
30 See 15
31 Inhaling what the Muse is supposed to give? (11)

DOWN

2 Is at least part of the winter pretty? Explain the meaning of . . . (9)
3 . . . each rib gets broken, and you might have to get someone to do the above, if the tongue is. (7)
4 Shouldn't sound very strong for several days! (4)
5 Students used to dip into this, occasionally. (7)
6 See 19 down
7 Might over the border be physical injury, as cause for action. (6)
8 Is coming up some distance, which might be only a figure of speech. (6)
14 A poem of old and that's positive! (5)
17 Equipment? Nothing allowed to a Verdi production! (9)
19, 6 and 29 across One who carries home a dog-eared Keats is rarely welcome, perhaps. (11,5)
20 What a night owl sometimes does is remain to eat and drink! (5,2)
22 Lively in manner, and in Paris close to a rib! (7)
23 One who did so probably ate out. (6)
25 27, so-called, is less than a first-class disaster! (5)
27 Pack animal? (4)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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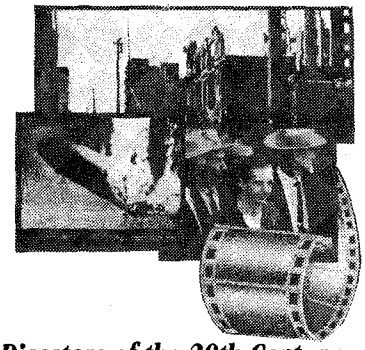

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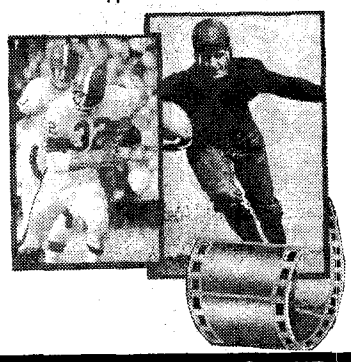

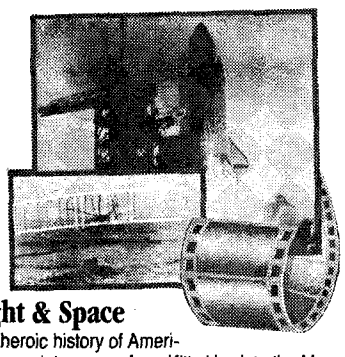

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